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J. E. Alexander

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SKETCHES IN PORTUGAL,

THE NEW YORK

OF THE

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DURING

THE CIVIL WAR

OF 1834.

SKETCHES IN PORTUGAL

REVISED

THE CIVIL WAR

OF 1834



J. E. A. del.

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S A N T A R I E M .

SKETCHES IN PORTUGAL,

DURING

THE CIVIL WAR OF 1834.

By JAMES EDWARD ALEXANDER, K.L.S.

*Captain 42d. Royal Highlanders, Lieut.-Col. Portuguese Service,
Author of "Travels in the East," &c.*

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON

THE PRESENT STATE AND FUTURE PROSPECTS
OF PORTUGAL.



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1835.

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BY JAMES EDWARD ALKLAND, R.E.
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TO
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR NICHOLAS TRANT, K.T.S.

LATE GOVERNOR OF OPORTO,

&c. &c. &c

TO WHOM THE AUTHOR IS DEEPLY INDEBTED

FOR

PROMOTING THE OBJECT OF HIS VISIT

TO PORTUGAL,

THIS WORK IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

TO

MAJOR GENERAL SIR NICHOLAS THOMAS, K.C.B.

LATE GOVERNOR OF GUYANA

OF THE

TO WHOM THE ATTORNEY IS DEPUTY ATTORNEY

FOR

PROVINCIAL THE COURT OF THE WEST

OF GUYANA

THIS WORK IS

NOT NECESSARILY BINDING

AND

THEY ARE NOT TO BE USED

P R E F A C E.

A PASSAGE to the Cape having been offered to Captain Alexander, on board H. M. S. Thalia, he embarked in September last.

Having received only a few days' notice, he was prevented from finishing his Sketches in the manner he had wished, and was under the necessity of requesting another to take charge of them through the press. Having likewise expressed a desire that his intention of adding some "Observations upon the present State and future Prospects of Portugal," might still be fulfilled, this has been attempted; and the writer can only hope that his remarks may not be found altogether uninteresting.

LONDON,

November, 1834.

PREFACE

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London,
January, 1821.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the end of last year, a proposal was made to me by the Royal Geographical Society to undertake a mission (under the patronage of the Colonial Office) to explore and report on certain portions of South-East Africa, with a view to the extension of geographical knowledge and commerce. I readily engaged in the undertaking, and felt highly flattered and pleased at having had such an interesting expedition offered to me, and which, if successful, may be followed by considerable national benefits.

The authorities at the Horse Guards having been so condescending as to give me leave of absence from my corps for the above purpose, I proceeded in the first instance to Portugal, to communicate with the government there regarding the mission, and to get full power and authority to visit the Portuguese settlements in Africa.

INTRODUCTION.

In the following pages there is a condensed account of what I saw and heard in Portugal, (in cities, and in the field before the enemy,) during a most important period of her history. In writing, I have always endeavoured to amuse my readers, as well as to give them as much fresh information as in my power; I therefore hope that among numerous original anecdotes scattered through this work, some entertainment will be obtained, whilst in the details regarding the state of affairs in Portugal this spring, a series of facts will be found, derived from actual observation and constant communication with intelligent individuals.

I accomplished the object of my visit to Portugal, returned to England, am about to sail for the Cape of Good Hope, and trust at some future day to be able to submit to the public the result of more extended labours, if I am so fortunate as to fill up blanks in the Map of Africa.

J. E. A.

LONDON,
September, 1834.

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SKETCHES IN PORTUGAL.

CHAPTER I.

Leave London for Falmouth—A roving Blade—Embark in the Charybdis brig of war—A wet Sea-boat—Stiff Breezes—The shores of Spain—Enter the harbour of Vigo—Town and People—Fall in with a Frigate—News of the War—An Accident—Sail up the Tagus—View of Lisbon—A whited Sepulchre—Prisoners of War—Mutineers—Lisbon Hotels—A Siège—Deliver Letters to Great People—Effects of capture of Miguelite Fleet—Corporal Knight—Hospitality—Dreary Streets—Agua vai—A Spate—Assassination of an Officer.

ON a bright morning in the spring of 1834, I started from London by a fast coach for Falmouth, and rolling over the smooth roads, admired the neat inns, trim gardens, and pleasant fields of our beloved island, from which I should shortly be separated to traverse a wilderness.

On my way to the port of embarkation, I could see little misery; there were no beggars in this part of England, and not a single soldier to be observed, showing at least that the country was quiet, and the people employed. An old man-o'-war's man with some young shipmates on the top of the coach afforded some amusement; at every stage he sung out, "Come, my sons, we'll have a glass; bear a hand, missus, and bring us half a gallon of porter—I'm a roving blade."

"You're a blackguard!" said an inside passenger, putting his head out of the window, and annoyed with the obstreperous mirth of the jolly tar, "and if you don't make less noise, I'll give you in charge of a constable."

"Go to the devil," cries Jack. "I'm an Englishman, and know what powder and ball is; I'll laugh and drink, if I like—I'm out o' prison, been four years up the Straits, so give us none of your nonsense, my hearty. Come, missus, hand us the pot!"

I wandered about Falmouth for a day, viewing its spacious harbour, and strong castles and bat-

teries defending the entrance, and then embarked on board the Charybdis brig of war, Lieutenant Mercer commander, carrying a long Tom a-midships, and a couple of twenty-four pound caronades at the gangways to astonish the slavers on the coast of Africa.

We “up anchor,” and bore away for the Bay of Biscay with a rattling east wind on our quarter, and having the family of Mr. Bold on board (himself and two ladies) bound for Oporto. Gunbrigs are not suited for lady passengers, the accommodations being almost as confined as that apartment for single gentlemen—a coffin. The gale increased, we got two reefs in the topsails, and the sea rose in angry billows round us, roaring and foaming with passion.

“The billows grew
Larger and white, and roar’d as triumphing,
Scattering afar and wide the heavy spray,
That shone like loose snow as it passed away.”

Our little bark often preferred cutting her way through the waves, to mounting over them; there was a continual Niagara pouring over the bows,

and in at the hawse holes; and as she rolled suddenly to leeward, a big sea would come in at the gangway, and another strike her on the weather quarter, knock the helmsman off his legs, and set us afloat fore and aft. I never sailed in a vessel yet, however indifferent, but the captain always called her a "good sea-boat:" the Charibdis was also a good sea-boat, though it would be difficult to see how. A wetter craft I never sailed in.

The misery continued for two or three days; and if wet betokens luck, (as the sailors say), we had plenty of it: cabin and all were flooded, and marines and ship's boys were mortally sick. One afternoon, while we were holding on near the companion, a heavy sea struck one of the quarter-boats, which kicked her up in the air, and let her go again with such a jerk from the davits, that she broke up in two halves, the after-part going astern, and the bows (looking wretched enough for want of their better half) were taken on board for fire-wood.

As soon as the rocky shores of Spain were

seen, there was an end to our troubles. We had been under water, as it were, for three days in the Bay of Biscay; now, we gladly sailed on the surface. The weather and our faces smiled in sympathy; strong appetites returned, clothes were dried, and a little fiddler, seating himself on the end of a spar, soon brought into play the flat feet of two Kroo men, delighting in the names of Sea Breeze and King George.

We found ourselves opposite to that most magnificent of harbours—Vigo; guarding its mouth are the lofty and rugged Bayona Islands, and we passed then under the charge of a brown-clad Spanish fisherman, who boarded us from a weather-beaten and sharp-built boat. As we sailed up to the town of Vigo, the bosom of the broad bay (bounded with picturesque hills) was studded with fishing-boats with high square sails and raking masts, skimming the water like sea birds following their prey. There was scanty cultivation on the sloping sides of the hills, but groves of pines and olives, and occasional cypresses. The houses of the peasants could hardly be dis-

tinguished from the rocks, and the tolling of bells pointed out the heavy stone towers of the churches.

The Bay of Vigo is famed for sardinhas of a delicious flavour; in twenty-four hours after their entrance into the bay, in the month of October, there is a decided improvement in their quality; they are fished for from October to January. Corn, wine, and oil are also exported from Vigo; but we saw only small coasters where the combined navies of Europe could have anchored.

A steamer bearing the blue and white constitutional flag of Portugal passed us, towing an English schooner which had been captured in an attempt to land arms and ammunition for Don Carlos; and then we brought up off Vigo,—its white houses with flat red-tiled roofs, and built partly on a sandy beach and partly on the side of a hill. Overlooking the town are two forts, one commanding the other.

We landed under a battery from which waved the red and yellow flag of Spain, and instead of a bustling commercial crowd, we found a few

fishermen and idlers gazing at us, clad in dark jackets and straw hats; we walked up some steep and narrow streets paved with large flat stones, and admired the brown Galician maids,—their faces shaded by a handkerchief and a red tippet on their shoulders, on which hung their dark hair braided in two long tresses; their shirt sleeves were loose and white, their petticoats striped, and they formed picturesque groupes about the fountains, with their party-coloured garments and antique pitchers on their heads.

The men, the well-known Galegos, or porters of Madrid and Lisbon, were stout fellows, in broad hats, dark vests, white shirts, and short wide trowsers; they conducted bullock-carts with heavy and creaking wheels, or mules laden with country produce.

The señoras, in high combs and white dresses, sat in their balconies; and taking their to-and-fro afternoon walk in the principal square were señors, not dressed in the cavalier style of the glorious days of Spanish conquest, with slouched hat, cloak, and long sword,—but in badly made

surtouts and trowsers. The military, in green jackets and red tufted chakoes, smoked their cigarritos at the guard-house door.

The women in the market-place importuned us to buy oranges and walnuts; and little ragged children ran after us laughing, and calling out "I say!" followed by a request for money, or an English oath, by way of winning our favour.

We delivered despatches to the English vice-consul, heard that rations were being laid in for the queen's troops acting against the rebels in the north; and after a short sojourn in this good specimen of a Spanish sea port, we stood away down the Bay again, shaping our course for Oporto.

Along the coast of Portugal, with its high line of hills of varied outline and scattered houses, it was very agreeable sailing; and when we sighted Viana with its great aqueduct, a British frigate lay-to to speak us.

If there is a spark of patriotism in the breast of a Briton, it must be elicited on seeing a British frigate on a foreign sea; there is nothing in the

world so calculated to warm one's heart and cause it to exult in our country's greatness as this. We see before us the best specimen of a navy, which is now in as perfect a state in men and ships as human wisdom can make it, and we must feel highly gratified and proud of our nation's maritime superiority. Like the navy, our army ought constantly to strive to be superior to foreigners in military knowledge and efficiency.

The gallant frigate, the smart little brig, and the shores of Portugal in the back ground, with the afternoon sun brightening the white sails, formed quite a marine picture. As the vessels with backed mainyard lay-to at a short distance from each other, our hearing and sight were both gratified, for shortly a crash of martial music proceeded from the larger vessel.

Her commander surprised us with this news,—
“That in a few days, probably before we could reach Lisbon, there would be a great fight there, in fact, a sort of Waterloo; that Miguel's party was so much in the ascendant that there was not

a doubt but he must succeed, and that we should find Don Pedro and the queen embarking for Brazil or elsewhere." This intelligence made us, of course, extremely anxious to reach the scene of action before this great and important conflict took place, but the winds were light and tantalizing; still we "progressed."

We passed Oporto at night, putting our passengers into a brig of war which lay off the bar; and shortly after the Rock of Lisbon was announced. This serrated ridge was particularly striking, and visions of the orange-groves and fig-trees of Cintra, of that Lusitanian paradise, immediately flitted before our mind's eye.

"Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen;
Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates."

That most singular vessel, a bean-boat, with its black and canoe-like hull, short raking mast, and tapering lateen sail, came dancing over the waves to meet us; and from its little clumsy yawl with its cutwater standing high above the

bows, we received a brown-clad and greasy-looking pilot, his feet in "turn-over" boots.

A stiff breeze was blowing down the Tagus, and we proceeded to work up against it with a double-reefed topsail. We beat about between Fort St. Julian and Fort Bugio, till we were almost tired of the exertion. Here we lost the services of one of the best seamen in the brig, —a short, black haired, large whiskered quartermaster, who in easing off the main tack got his foot in the coil of the rope, was thrown up into the air, and almost carried over the side; was dashed with violence on the deck, and had his left leg broken across the ankle joint,—the worst of fractures. The little old man, to our great sorrow, was carried below pale and faint with pain.

Here I might indulge in an elaborate description of the noble Tagus, with its waters flowing over golden sands, with its banks presenting their steep sides to the spectator, and indented with narrow valleys and ravines up which were seen groves and vineyards, detached houses and cultivation; but I will spare my reader these

florid periods, and after a short delay opposite the square Tower of Belem for the health-boat to board us, containing an unshaven officer with two tarnished gold epaulettes on his blue coat, we will pass on to the Lusitanian capital.

A-head of us were at least an hundred merchant vessels, besides the British squadron and Admiral Napier's: the vessels lay half way across the broad river, and among them glided boats of many varieties of build, and cut of sail. The lateen was the most common, the favourite rig of the Mediterranean.

On our left stretched the long line of Lisbon, its white and grey houses unsoiled by smoke, and rising from the water's edge on a slope to the height of three hundred feet. What is required in this capital to add to its imposing appearance is, for the sky line to be more broken with domes, towers, and spires. Still there are conspicuous objects to arrest attention: the square belfries of the great Convent of Vicente de Fora rise furthest up the river; then the castle on its circular hill crowned with curtain and

tower appears; to this succeed the ruined walls of the Convent of St. Francisco, shattered as if the great earthquake had only yesterday visited this often-devastated capital: long ranges of private dwellings follow, substantially built of stone as if to last for ages; and then the eye is arrested by the beautiful dome and towers of Estrella, the greatest ornament of the city and built after the model of St. Peter's at Rome;—finally, the mighty pile of the Adjuta Palace was conspicuous, though unfinished; its length of façade, numerous windows, square towers at the angles, and elevated site, bespeak it one of the most princely edifices in the world.

On our right and opposite to the city were the batteries of Almada, and behind them a beautifully varied country, fading away in the blue distance, where stood the hill of Palmella: here the constitutional flag was first seen advancing towards Lisbon, a few months before, borne by the small army of the fortunate Duke de Terceira.

We hastened to land, but what a whited sepul-

chre we found the city to be ! We elbowed our way among crowds of boatmen, primed with oil and garlick, and found ourselves in the Caes do Sodre, an open space surrounded with four-storied houses, refreshed with the smell of impure mud and water after every shower. An Englishman to whom I addressed myself, gave me over to a sturdy Galego guide, who without looking behind him, started off at a rapid pace towards Buenos Ayres, leaving me to skip and jump after him, from stone to stone, to avoid the masses of filth which loaded the "perfumed" streets.

We passed some miserable objects, about a hundred prisoners of war, many with merely a ragged blanket to cover their nakedness, and all chained two and two, and guarded by the city militia, clean and in good order, with their dark jackets and sky-blue facings. There was a surly looking Englishman among the prisoners chained to a Miguelite soldier, who contentedly smoked a segar ; our countryman was said to have deserted to "Mogul," as a lancer whom I questioned called the Usurper.

A shipload of invalids and mutineers had just been despatched for England, some good men among them who had fought well, and bled in the cause of the queen; others again such as a London policeman noticed to a friend of mine, "Sir, we are very quiet now in the St. Giles' district, and have little trouble; for most of our greatest scamps are gone a soldiering to Portugal." A gentleman went on board the transport to see the cargo of warriors, and observing an active young fellow among them, he inquired why *he* returned to England, and did not wait to see the end of the war.

"Why, sir, I'm sent home, because I struck my officer."

"Struck your officer! Don't you know that if you had been in the English service, you would have been shot for this?"

"That's all very true, sir, but we knew that *here* we should not be shot for striking an officer, or else we would not have done it."—Symptoms of irregularity in the service certainly.

Can Don Pedro be condemned for making

some of these *disciplined* troops work on roads for a season? Decidedly not. After all the fuss that was made about Englishmen working in chains, &c. I saw only one countryman, a cut-throat looking fellow with a red grizzly beard, chained to a Portuguese, and carrying sand for paviers.

I thought to have got lodgings in Buenos Ayres, the cleanest and pleasantest part of Lisbon, but I was disappointed; the former landlord of an English house there is now dead, and his wife has reduced the establishment. She has also become such a fine lady, is so indifferent to the comfort of her lodgers, and withal so extravagant in her charges, that I was afterwards glad I did not find room in her house. I "set up my staff" in the hospedoria of Madame Julia, on the Caes do Sodre, and was civilly entertained by her, and found my rooms perfectly clean. Bed and board, with light wine, is commonly found in Lisbon for three crusados, or eight shillings a-day. It would be an excellent speculation for an Englishman, somewhat conversant with the country and

language, to open a comfortable hotel in Lisbon, for verily there is much need of one.

In order that I might keep my boots clean in visiting great people, I mounted a sége, an awkward looking cabriolet on wheels of great height, the shaky body covered in front with leather curtains, and two little lamps at top like horns pointing forwards. I wonder the Portuguese allow of this, for they have such a horror of horns that the word *corno* is seldom or never used, a horn being always termed *ponta*, "point." At the custom-house a company of blacks is kept for discharging cargoes of horns, for no Portuguese will defile himself by so degrading an office :— what a virtuous and correct people they must be!

The bolhero, or driver, was dressed in a short blue coat, blue pantaloons, and jack-boots; a glazed hat and velvet band was on his head, in one pocket was his handkerchief for his own nose, in the other a sponge for his horses', two little lanky and long-tailed beasts. Exercising a short whip, he made his cattle rattle up and down the steep streets at an "old-woman-killing rate."

Séges were scarce and expensive during my visit to Lisbon, almost all the horses being required for the army. I have thus paid fifteen shillings for the honour of dining out at the distance of a mile.

I found Lord Howard de Walden, the envoy, occupying a delightful house in Buenos Ayres, with a pleasant garden beside it; he received me with his usual frankness and urbanity, and during my sojourn in Portugal I received many marks of kindness and attention from his lordship, and his secretary of legation, Mr. Grant, and Sir Alexander Mallet, attached to the mission.

I waited a considerable time at the Duke de Terceira's (the distinguished Villa Flor) to present a letter from Admiral Sartorius. His excellency was out riding; and while sitting in an anti-room, a sleek-looking English groom put his head in at the door in order to be spoken to; he was the *beau ideal* of the domestic of a captain of the guards, one of the smooth-haired, long-vested, well-fed fellows, with little work and plenty of sauce for every one but their own master. I asked him why he had left London.

“Why, sir, since the Reform Bill, town has got very dull, my last master got into the Bench, and the nobility have all gone abroad; so I came over here to the duke.”

There was a loud talking and laughing of servants in an adjoining apartment, with a clatter of knives and forks, and a little girl ran into the room. “That’s the daughter of the lady’s-maid,” said the groom: “she’s looked on as one of the family; very different with us at home, sir.”

I inquired how he liked his place.

“Oh! they use me very well, sir; I’m just the same as the duke,—same dishes, separate table, and so on; but if they don’t treat me as they ought to do, I’ll leave the establishment and set up for myself.”

“As what?”

“As veterinary surgeon, sir; I know something of the business, and they are d——d ignorant about horses in Portugal, sir.”

The duke and two aides-de-camp now appeared. His excellency is a well made man, about five feet nine in height, forty-five years of

age, with brown hair, red mustaches, and a round nose. He had a very soldierlike appearance in his hussar uniform, and since the beginning of the contest between the two brothers, he has shown himself to be very brave, and fortune has highly favoured him. At the Azores, at Oporto, and during the march to Lisbon with three thousand followers, after the Miguelite fleet had fallen into the hands of Cape St. Vincent, the Duke de Terceira proved himself to be one of the most distinguished leaders under the Constitutional flag. I could receive but little assistance from his grace in the business on which I had come to Portugal, as he was in the bustle of departure for Oporto.

I waited afterwards on the lady of Count Cape St. Vincent (Napier) in a delightful residence in Chagas, looking down on the captured squadron in the river,—a proud sight. To show the good feeling of the admiral, I remarked in his drawing-room, not the print of his own brilliant action from which he derives his title, but that of Admiral Sartorius off Vigo, when he boldly attacked and

crippled the far superior force of his enemy. The admiral (Napier) being absent, I could not, till his return, get access to the bureaus of the marine office, from which I expected to collect a good deal of information relative to Africa and the Portuguese possessions there. Some secretaries in the public departments, to whom I had introductions, were also absent or sick ; so I had nothing for it but the Portuguese adage, “ *Tenha paciência por força.*”

Besides being of the first consequence to Portugal, the victory over the Miguelite fleet of the 5th of July, 1833, was fraught with most important results to several enterprising tradesmen of London. Among others, a well-known army accoutrement maker had a bill of £80,000 against the liberal government ; there was no great chance of this being speedily settled, till the capture of the fleet at once cleared the account, and produced an order for as much more. If a large sum has been realized, he who exerted himself to raise recruits and equipped them, and who ran great risks for the cause of the queen, is well deserving of all he has got.

I was one day on the premises of the above-mentioned spirited individual, when a dirty and disreputable looking fellow in an old red jacket, anchor buttons, blue ribbon of Tower and Sword on his breast, and chevrons of a corporal on his arm, presented himself with a bundle of books.

“Will you buy the life of an old soldier?” he rather insolently inquired, and held out the book entitled, “The Adventures of Corporal Knight, with the Army of Donna Maria.”

I had just paid a bill, and showed him “the devil” in the shape of an empty purse. “You won’t buy my book?” he said.

“Why did you not continue in Portugal?” was asked.

“Because they would not pay me; but by perseverance I’ll do something here.”

“Well, since we don’t want any of your books,” said one of the shopmen, “perhaps you’ll be kind enough to take them somewhere else.”

“I’ll do as I please,” said the corporal, snapping his fingers, “I don’t care a d——n for any of you.”

“Oh! you don’t; but we’ll see what a police-

man will do, if you don't walk quietly out. So the worthy corporal (with his *Life*) was shoved out by the shoulders, and by his *perseverance* he has since got transportation for seven years on a charge of house-breaking.

The first day in Lisbon I dined with Senhor José Vanzellar, (brother of the consul-general in London), and from the family of this hospitable gentleman I experienced very great civility on several occasions. Some of my own countrymen settled in Lisbon were not so attentive; the ordinary civility of returning a visit after a letter of introduction was presented, was omitted; and when I met some of these gentlemen at a quinta or country-house afterwards, they affected surprise at my still continuing in Portugal. From these I except Mr. P. Maclaggan, and some others. From Mr. Maclaggan in particular I acquired a great deal of valuable information, and I shall ever remember with gratitude the many obligations I am under to him. Information, and not dinners, was what I wanted.

It was an affair of danger to walk home alone

from a party at night. I contrived to do it with impunity, armed with an iron cane, keeping the middle of the street, and not allowing any Portuguese to walk behind me. Nothing could be more dreary and "cut-throat" than the appearance of the streets after dusk. Narrow, black with mud, and bounded by tall houses, they were only lighted at long intervals by wretched lamps on those nights when there was no moon; when the almanack said the moon ought to shine, the oil was saved. However, as there was no provision made for clouds darkening occasionally the face of the Cynthian queen, the faint glimmer of the lights at the Images of the Virgin were alone seen on these occasions.

The people retire early to rest in Lisbon, and from nine to twelve I seldom observed any one in the streets, except an occasional sentry with his bright-barrelled musket, a solitary pedestrian hurrying along in his cloak, or dogs prowling about. A few nights after my arrival, I was returning from a soirée down the steep street Alecrim; the moon was shining bright, and I was

beginning to be very sentimental whilst admiring the vine leaves and flowers hanging over the wall of the garden of the Conde Feroba, and observing at the bottom of the descent the Tagus blithely gliding in light to the sea,—when my pleasant reveries were interrupted by the sudden uplifting of a window, and accompanied by a drowsy cry of “*Agua vai,*” (there goes water), down came a torrent within a few feet of me. There was a rush of dogs to the spot; I made a detour, and escaped to my quiet chamber.

In walking the streets between nine and twelve at night, it is necessary, if alone, to keep near the middle of the thoroughfare, and to talk to one’s self; or else “showers of glory” will descend without any warning cry. Is it not disgraceful that in a city which might be the cleanest in the world, being built on hills with a descent to the rapid Tagus, masses of dirt and mud are every where met with? Down *some* of the streets are common sewers leading to the river, but the proprietors of houses are so indolent, that they will not make branch sewers from their own

houses to the main ones; these conveniences and water-pipes from the upper stories are imperatively called for in Lisbon.

Before a sewer was made under the Rua St. Bento, (which in the Portuguese manner of building took two years to complete, but certainly is done in a most substantial and permanent manner), the rush of water from it to the Tagus after a shower of rain was so great, (for many cross streets also contributed to the principal stream) that men, women, children, asses, pigs, and poultry have been promiscuously carried down with the flood.

A Scotch friend told me that one day, in approaching the Rua St. Bento in a sége after rain, he saw such a torrent in the street that he pulled up, folded his arms, and patiently waited to let the "Spate rin by." The royal carriages from the opposite side essayed to cross, but in vain; their majesties like King Canute could not control such a sea; but one of the royal attendants, by way of showing his zeal in the cause, got a rope round his body to try the ford. His companions

“held on,” but he had not got far into the stream with his jack-boots, when down he went, and with some difficulty was pulled to land, his state livery sorely tarnished with the savoury flood.

I was willing to believe that the Portuguese had been wrongfully accused of a propensity to nocturnal assassination. It is highly creditable to the nation, that since the commencement of this civil contest and the employment of foreign auxiliaries, there has hardly been a case of murder of any of the mercenaries by Portuguese. The proneness of the lower class of Englishmen to get drunk, their insolent behaviour to foreigners, their inclination to quarrel with all about them when in their cups, might have led one to expect that the Portuguese would have been often provoked to use their long knives ; but to their praise be it said, they bore with a great deal. However, the assassination I am about to relate, shows that they will not always submit to be grossly insulted with impunity.

There was an Englishman of the name of Trundell in Lisbon, who had served as an officer

on board the fleet of the queen; but having got into several scrapes, was turned out of it. Among his other pranks, he made one night a great disturbance at the theatre and threw a bottle on the stage, which occasioned his being sent up to the castle to quiet him, and his liberation took place about the time of my visit to Lisbon. Hearing that there was a party of his acquaintance in a house at the Caes do Sodre, he made an attempt to join the company; but they declining the intended honour, he in revenge went to the nearest guard, said he had been turned out of his *own* house by a parcel of fellows who were drinking and singing Miguelite songs, and disturbing the peaceable lieges; and succeeded in persuading a party of the guard to go and interrupt the convivial party.

The guard, consisting of the city militia, the most respectable of the tradespeople of Lisbon, went to the house indicated by Trundell, and told the party that they must "break up;" but the parties addressed seeing no reason why they should separate, differed in opinion with the guard,

and on the militia attempting to use force, our countrymen seized the muskets, broke some of the stocks, and most unceremoniously pushed the guard out of doors, throwing their broken fire-arms after them.

This treatment the hot Lusitanian blood could not stand; the disarmed militia returned to their station, and the whole guard-house was in a violent ferment. Vengeance was vowed, and quickly put in execution. A Mr. Hamilton of the above party received five bayonet wounds in the street, when returning home, and barely escaped with his life; and a tall young fellow of the lancers, Lieutenant Crotty, was found next morning lying on his back in the Rua des Flores, with a gun-shot through his neck fired from behind. He was rather wild, had been in street rows before, but was now about to go to England, and had actually his passport in his pocket when he met this violent end. There was a great procession of foreign officers to attend his funeral.

The guard did not altogether escape in the

above affray. An Irish officer, totally unconnected with Crotty's party, was proceeding to his lodgings, when he heard a man running at him from behind. He stepped aside, when a fixed bayonet passed him; he seized the musket, unfixed the bayonet, and plunging it into the body of a militia-man, cried out—"Take that for old Tipperary!"

CHAPTER II.

Walk through Lisbon—Reign of Terror—Espionage—Change of Times—Dress of the People—Beggars—Goats—Shops—Indolent Shopkeepers—The Clergy—Galegos—Carriages—A Caza de Pasto—English Mistakes—Ride to the Aqueduct of Alcantara—The Lines of Lisbon—Anecdote of Don Pedro—Scene of a Skirmish—The old Woman and the Grape-shot—Why Don Miguel continued the War—Visit the grand Opera House of San Carlos—A pleasant Pit—The Imperial Family.

I HOPE the courteous reader will not object to accompany me in an afternoon's walk through Lisbon, to see the people and some of "les curiosités de la ville." I won't tire him with lengthened descriptions of edifices and institutions; this is not "the time of day" for elaborate disquisitions, neither have I any intention of diluting former accounts of this country, "of pouring from one vessel into another." In these

times we must give fresh facts, the cream and essence of what we see and hear, if we wish to please the reading public.

During the reign of terror under Miguel, there was an end to all improvement; trade and commerce languished, the rich concealed their wealth, there was "no speculation" among them: the streets were dirtier than ever, no new buildings were erected, there was a regular damp—a blight on Lisbon, and in the country priesthood alone flourished.

The government of Don Miguel well knew that there was a liberal spirit abroad, which must be checked by *espionage* and by a vigilant police. People were so "cowed," that a single police officer would put a whole street to flight. If two or three individuals were seen to talk together in public, a spy would stealthily approach them; and often on the mere suspicion of treason against the government of the *Rey absoluto*, without a trial, a luckless merchant would be snatched from his family and business, hurried to a dungeon, and left to be supported by his own relations,

or else to starve :—this is no exaggerated picture, I have it from most impartial witnesses.

Don Miguel himself used to ride about the streets in a cocked hat, brown surtout, jack boots, and armed with a long stick with which to vent his spleen on the barking curs ; several insolent followers were also similarly provided, and if an unfortunate peasant on his buro (ass), ignorant who was approaching, did not hasten to doff his bonnet and get out of the way, club-law would immediately be put in force against him.

Many were afraid to leave their houses at all, and several ladies told me that “in Miguel’s time” they had not been out of doors for months, they were so much afraid of being insulted. If a party was given, police spies would watch at the door who went out or in. A big fellow would stop in the public promenade, and pulling off his hat, would shout “Viva Don Miguel Primeiro ! Viva e Rey absoluto !” and if those near him failed to join in his vivas, they would be forthwith handed over to the police, and perhaps beaten into the bargain.

It was very pleasing to see the difference at the time of my visit; people could walk and talk with perfect security, that is—as long as it was light; after dusk (the regular police having fled with Miguel) robbers were rather rife, but there was no apprehension of incarceration for supposed disaffection to the government, and the Lisbonians really began to breathe an air of liberty for the first time for five years.

The dress of the middle classes does not differ from our own, except in being indifferently made; decidedly, Englishmen of respectability are far better dressed than people of the same class on the continent. In France, extravagances of every kind abound; elsewhere on the continent, the tailors are miserably ignorant of the manner of fitting the dress to the human body.

The yellow skins of the lower orders of Portuguese were covered with shirts, acquainted with soap and water at long intervals; except in the winter month, they generally (in walking) wear the jacket on one shoulder, a dark vest on the body, and coarse white trowsers on the nether

man, with a striped cap or a broad-brimmed hat on their black heads.

A few females seen in the streets affected to dress with bonnet and gown, "a-la-mode de Paris;" but it evidently was "an attempt," for there was no taste displayed in the choice of colours, or in the general arrangement of the costume. I was much better pleased to see the females in the national dress, the "capote e lenzo," the brown cloak, and fine white muslin handkerchief thrown over a high comb, and setting off the dark cheek and black roguish eyes: the feet were particularly attended to, and the stockings and shoes were always perfectly clean;—whether the dress under the brown cloak could always bear the light, is another affair. Of course, the ladies of high degree dress with great taste, but are never seen walking streets so unfitted for "shoes polite."

There was no want of beggars in the streets; they, like the dogs, had a regular beat. One old lady, very well dressed, took up her position daily on a heap of dry mud in the middle of the Alecrim, and sent an emissary, in the shape of

a pretty little girl, to importune the passengers slowly moving up the ascent, for "alguma coisa," something for the kitchen. And if a person entered a shop, two or three old women would enter it also, and without being checked by the shopkeeper, would "bore" the purchaser for reis. This forced charity was intolerable. But I was diverted with certain insinuating fellows in red gowns, and banners with a picture of the Virgin on them, who, "hat in hand," used to be seen approaching people, and in a whining tone asking for something for a convent to which they belonged, holding out the banner at the same time to be kissed by the devout. I saw it often saluted, without any unction to the palm of the standard-bearer.

Besides the abominable state of the streets, the municipal authorities are highly to blame for allowing the most horrid objects to expose their sores in public. I saw an old villain actually rubbing sand into his leg one morning, to excite compassion by its inflamed appearance.

It was a curious sight to see flocks of brown

goats and a few cows driven into town every morning to give milk to the coffee-drinkers and others; it looked very primitive this, must have been the practice from the times of the shepherd kings, and was one evidence of the little change that has taken place in the habits of the Portuguese for centuries. The goats were driven by men in Spanish hats and braided jackets. Some of the goats had their mouths tied up in a bag, to prevent their eating garbage; yet the goat in general is so fastidious, that it will not eat any green thing that is not perfectly clean, and upsets the dish of water out of which another goat has drunk.

Not so the calves,—they are not so particular; some in Lisbon presented an extraordinary appearance, with long black leather snouts, looking like a cross between a cow and an elephant; these appendages were intended to prevent them from sucking their mothers, and eating improper food.

The shops in Lisbon have no great show of goods in them, yet the cloth and grocery shops

were tolerably filled. The jewellers of the Rua d'Aurea had two high glass cases with their trinkets at the door, and nothing else inside. The booksellers, like the other tradespeople, were very indolent, and would hardly rise off their seats to answer a question or hand a tome. I got some few books on the geography of Africa, and wished for more; I asked a bookseller to give me a list of the books he had on that subject. "We have no list," he answered.

"But suppose you make one; I'll pay you for it; and you may besides put money into your pocket, if I fancy any of the books."

"You may make out the list yourself," he replied, "for I'll not be at the trouble."

After this it is not to be wondered at if book-sellers buy volumes by the pound here, and are ignorant of what they are possessed; but as I used to say to a friend who was in the habit of abusing the state of the streets, the laziness of the Portuguese shopkeepers, &c. &c., "Pray put your nose in your pocket when you leave home. You must make allowances; depend upon it the

habits of the people will alter, and there will be a great change for the better after *the war is over.*"

One great advantage in walking through Lisbon is, that a person may dress as best suits his means or fancy, and never be insulted.

" 'Tis certain that you may put whate'er
You like by way of doublet, cape, or cloak;
Such as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag Fair,
Would rig you out in seriousness or joke."

I do not know how the kilt would go down there; "the garb of old Gaul" I never tried. Highland soldiers still attract great crowds in London; and Highland officers dancing reels are, I fear, looked on as very savage to the south of the border. In Lisbon there is no insolent hollaing out after one, if the dress excites observation; the people in this respect are highly civilized. But the behaviour of the Londoners, both in the streets and theatre, is much more refined than what it was a very few years ago. Has not the school-master something to do with this? or is it the new police?

Among military, in caps and coats of every nation, might be seen strange figures in high cocked hats, black coats, pantaloons, and Hessian boots; this was the dress of the clergy,—certainly very unclerical. Why it was tolerated I don't know, since it was said to be in direct opposition to the orders of the patriarch. A fat monk was seen here and there (but now very rarely) in black cassock and rope girdle, and other religious orders were observed in three-cornered cocked hats, black and white robes.

Stout galegos in loose white trowsers stood by the fountains, waiting for the filling of their blue painted barrels, or carried them about on their shoulders, calling out "Agua fresca," in a melancholy note. Women with strings of onions and garlick were every where observed, or men with square and flat baskets of fish and vegetables carried on a pole. A few séges would be seen shaking along, or perhaps that of a minister with two outriders in cocked-hats and swords. The only coaches I saw, were a four-in-hand conveyance of the Condé Feroba's with the guard blowing

a bugle, and the crimson coach of the Patriarch with four horses and outriders: occasional horsemen on long-tailed ambling steeds would pass among the crowd of pedestrians.

It is time that we should take some refreshment in a *Caza de Pasto*, in the great Square of the Inquisition (*Praça do Rocio*) commonly called “Turkey Square” by English sailors, from flocks of these birds being exposed for sale there. There are several good ordinaries, or eating-houses; one in particular commonly called John Andar’s, not because the keeper of it rejoices in that name, but because “*Caza de Pasto I.^o Andar*” figures on a board at the bottom of a stair,—meaning that the house of entertainment is on the “*primeiro andar*” (first floor), which our countrymen ignorant of the language suppose to be the name of the host!

Ascending to where the “*Bom Vinho e Comer*” was provided, there would be seen tables set out with clean cloths; an active waiter would place in your hand the bill of fare, and it was rather amusing to hear the mistakes of an Eng-

lishman in attempting to order from this carte. First appeared, "Sopa de peixe,"—pease soup, according to the Englishman ;—but when *fish* soup was brought, he was rather disgusted. "Mao de vacca," (cow heel) was supposed to be cow udder. "Gallinha com caldo," (chicken broth) was translated into cold capon. "Queijo flamengo," (Dutch cheese) was considered to be a strange bird ; and "Noses" (nuts) were quite incomprehensible as articles of food.

One may get accustomed to Portuguese cookery, but I confess that I did not stay long enough in the country to relish it, there is so much grease used with every thing ; meat and vegetables are saturated with it. It may oil the wheels of the Portuguese machine, but it certainly clogs mine. The Lisbon *cerveja*, or beer, is very good ; wine I refrained from.

I hired a horse for four crusados per day, and galloped out to view the Lines thrown up for the defence of Lisbon under the direction of Don Pedro. The eldest son of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, now a lieutenant of the Queen's Lancers,

accompanied me. Passing the public gardens, a small enclosure near Inquisition Square with parallel walks, bounded by box and laurel hedges and shaded by walnut trees, we reached the celebrated aqueduct of Alcantara, its lofty arches striding across the country and conveying a scanty rill of water into an immense reservoir supported by four square pillars, Neptune here presiding over some rock-work, down which the water distils in a shower.

It was a saint's day, and the place was crowded with men and women of the class of shopkeepers, enjoying the cool reservoir, or mounting to the top of the great building, from the terrace of which such a superb view is to be got of Lisbon and its charming environs.

Every one was well dressed, contentment sat on every countenance, and it was very agreeable to see those who "in Miguel's time" for several long years were afraid to leave their houses, and hardly daring to hope for better times, now enjoying themselves in public, without the fear of violence or police spies.

“ What though their cause was baffled—freemen cast
In dungeons—dragged to death—or forced to flee,
Hope must not wither in affliction’s blast,
The patriot’s blood ’s the seed of freedom’s tree.”

Numerous short and stout windmills were seen on the heights in the country, and the Lines were to be traced by the flags floating above the forts and batteries distributed along their extent.

We descended to reach the defences, and on riding a short distance from the houses, we found breast-works of earth and stone, and the ditches in general of the depth of four feet only. It is wonderful how little will stop an enemy advancing up an exposed acclivity, and what slight cover will screen men from shot. Garden walls were observed to be cut down in some places to the height of breast-work, and in others planks on casks enabled the defenders to fire over high walls; there was no lack of barrels filled with earth, a capital defence. Further on, we found people still labouring to deepen ditches, some of these in front of redoubts were sixteen feet in depth, and cut out of the solid rock. Platforms

were laid for guns, the cheeks of the embrasures were lined with sand-bags, an expensive revetment, here used in consequence of the difficulty of procuring brushwood for fascines; roads were cut across, and traverses were raised on them. Every thing seemed to be in the most complete state for opposing the enemy, whilst the blue and white flags flaunted in the breeze over the guns of the batteries:—flowering trees shed their blossoms on the engines of death, and roses twined round the palisades.

An officer of the English squadron told me, that when these Lines were first commenced he walked out one day to see them; and on looking about, he came upon two Portuguese officers, one of whom had three stripes of lace on the cuff of his surtout. He was immediately sharply accosted by the striped gentleman, and asked (in French) “What he was about there?” The Englishman replied, “that curiosity had prompted him to see what was going on.”

“Have you permission from the commandant?”

“None.”

“ Well, you can't remain here.”

“ That's very strange. In the time of Miguel I might have expected this; but now I thought that an English uniform was a sufficient passport.”

“ Well! well! what do you think of the Lines?”

“ Why, I am no great judge of these matters; but as far as I can understand the nature of the defences, they seem to be very well contrived.”

On this the interrogator moved on, and his companion (apparently an aide-de-camp) addressed the Englishman and said, “ Do you know who you have been talking to?”

“ No.”

“ Why that is his Imperial Majesty.”

“ Well, I'm sorry I did not know it was Don Pedro, for I fear I spoke rather bluntly to him.”

Accordingly he approached his majesty, and made an apology; on which Don Pedro frankly cried out, “ Oh! never mind apologies; go where you like, you're an Englishman; I'm glad to see you,” and shook hands.

Last October the Miguelites made some des-

perate efforts to retake Lisbon, and we went to see the spot where the sharpest fighting took place; it was at a delightful single-storied country-house, with a garden full of trees and statues, and sloping down to the quinta from behind; at the top of the ridge were the unfinished Lines. The Miguelites had got possession of the quinta, advanced in force through the garden, and attempted to storm the Lines; but, being repulsed, were charged through the garden. Trees, statues, and windows were cut by bullets, the walls of the house shattered with cannon-shot; the dead bodies lying thick among the flowers and on the walks, were quickly stripped by the town's people, who came out to view the fray from a safe distance. The sight was a startling one for those unaccustomed to the strange death-wounds of a battle-field.

“Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day;
When his work was o'er on the levelled plain,—
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.”

The house and grounds were in the same state

(when we saw them), as if the contest had only taken place the day before.

We returned to town, and every where saw shot, shell, and bullet marks; whilst cannon peeped out slyly from concealed embrasures to rake the different approaches to the gates. Some windows had hardly a whole pane in them, reminding one of a laughable occurrence which took place during the siege of Oporto. The billet of an officer was next door to an old woman, who made such a noise at night, "grunting and groaning" on her bed whilst the Miguelite batteries were playing on the town, that her neighbour could get no sleep; he determined to play her a trick, sent out his servant to collect a handful of grape-shot, stationed him outside the door, and at the next salvo from the enemy the grape-shot were sent "bang" through the old woman's window, who forthwith beat a retreat from the premises, thinking that the Miguelite guns had found her out at last.

What hope was there for Miguel's continuing the war beyond a period of eighteen months?—daily

his army met with reverses ; his power crumbled away, and town and province were forced to acknowledge the sovereignty of Donna Maria. The answer to this may be, that Miguel always relied on a powerful diversion in his favour by the party of Don Carlos in Spain ; even whilst in Santarem he retained a considerable slice (or one-half) of Portugal, before the Duke de Terceira advanced from Oporto ; he had plenty of foreign assurances and some resources ; his party had embarked their all in his cause ; they thought they were in the right, and would not give in. They were really very conscientious, and as long as they saw a chance of success they would not flinch ; besides, the haughty fidalgos (adherents of the absolute king) thought that the government of the queen would be too conceding to the lower orders ; they imagined that if a liberal government and the constitution were once established, there would be an end to their consequence ; but, above all, the priests well knew that with the fall of Miguel, fell immediately their power and influence. Don Pedro

had already been excommunicated by his Holiness the Pope, for his sweeping measures in abolishing monasteries and convents at the Azores; and the same might be expected in Portugal, if the Liberal party triumphed over the Corcundas (Hunchbacks). Therefore fidalgos and priests backed Miguel, and the war was obstinately prolonged,—singularly enough lasting, like the last wars between the English and Burmans, the Russians and Persians, the Russians and Turks, the Russians and Poles, for a space of nearly two years.

Though the Portuguese in general are very friendly and well disposed towards one another, yet during the time I was in the country I had several proofs that a civil war, like quarrels between relatives, is conducted with greater acrimony than a contest between strangers.

“Acerrima proximorum odia.”

Let us finish the day with the Opera. San Carlos is well known to be one of the most magnificent temples of music in the world; and

I found the dimensions of the interior very grand and imposing; the royal box fronting the stage, occupying the whole space from the ceiling to the ground tier, was, on the occasion of my visit, filled with a green curtain. I looked in vain for a gallery, and found that the gods were here compelled to descend from their usual pre-eminence to the afterpart of the pit, for mortal foot to be placed above the head of royalty was not thought correct;—this was something quite oriental.

The scenes and gilding were much in want of being refreshed; however, from being rather dingy, they looked venerable with age. Heaven defend me from such another pit as that of San Carlos! the bottomless pit, for torment, resembled it. I was advised to take a box, but declined, as I was alone. However, I had not long attempted to sit on one of the benches of the pit, (the floor of which I observed to be unswept and dusty, and with pieces of paper and orange-peel liberally scattered about,) when I was so assailed with fleas, that I found there was to be dancing

in the pit as well as on the stage; while the nose was regaled with a smell of bilge-water from some neighbouring drain. But these are, no doubt, trifles, and "all will be right after the war is over."

At eight o'clock, the respectable audience all rose and took off their hats. I looked to a private box on our right, where I observed the emperor, empress, and queen to enter, with two aides-de-camp and a maid of honour. The emperor was dressed in black, so was the empress; the young queen in the Constitutional colours, blue and white, with a bouquet in her sash. The imperial family visit the Opera so often, that they do not wish to be received with any state or ceremony, except on grand occasions, when they are seated in the royal box.

Don Pedro is six feet high and strongly made, has a dark complexion, black hair and mustache, and an aquiline nose. In full dress he wears a cocked hat with the blue and white cockade, and a gold embroidered blue coat and epaulettes; and on ordinary occasions, when riding about

Lisbon, a rough Petersham coat and round hat. The emperor attends to his appearance, and has got good taste in dress; he is brave, active, temperate, and economical, fond of music and war. He has composed some pieces of music, Constitutional hymns, &c. of great merit, and has paid attention to the art of war,—not from an unnatural craving after the excitement of the battle-field like Charles the Twelfth, but from a creditable desire to know how to conduct the operations of a campaign or siege.

Some are absurd enough to say that there is little difference between the two brothers, Pedro and Miguel. I ask two questions of these judges of character: has Don Pedro ever violated his solemn pledges? or has he ever been guilty of an act of deliberate cruelty?—Never.

Portugal is under the deepest obligations to Don Pedro for framing the admirable Carta Constitucional,—for his great exertions in the cause of constitutional liberty,—for exposing his person freely on all occasions to danger when fighting his country's battles,—for unwearied zeal

and activity in preparing for the contest against tyranny,—and in conducting the war to a glorious conclusion. Don Pedro has his faults, like other men; but he is not so much to blame for them as his father, who did not provide him a suitable education; and advisers, who may have occasionally induced him to sanction acts, which his own unbiassed judgment would have condemned.

The emperor has been very fortunate in the choice of a second wife; and as a domestic character he sets an excellent example to the Portuguese. The empress (the daughter of Eugene Beauharnois) is dignified and graceful in her appearance, is good looking, and very intelligent and agreeable; all who have had the honour of communicating with the empress, speak of her in the highest terms.

The young queen has a fresh complexion and brown hair; is accomplished and amiable, though rather stout for her age (16). Her majesty has masters every morning, profits by their instructions, and has acquired several languages;

among others, English. It is time that she was suitably married. The emperor, empress, and queen live in the small Palace of Necessidades, for economy; this is very creditable to them, considering the exhausted state of Portugal.

But let us return to San Carlos. An opera of Rossini's, divided by the ballet, was well executed; so much so, that I was lulled into a tranquil repose during the second part, notwithstanding my tormentors. The ballet was the "Corsair." Black-bearded rovers, armed with pistol and sabre, were plentifully introduced, with a sprinkling of pretty sea-nymphs; the male and female figurantes were attired in a far more immodest manner than I remember to have seen elsewhere, even at Vienna, where they are very liberal in these matters. A dance with the two principal figurantes and a little black boy as a foil, was curious, as in wreathing round the urchin a garland of flowers, he was awkwardly tumbled on his back, and his white nether garments then nearly rivalled the colour of his face.

I returned home, humming the Constitutional Hymn, of which the Lisbonians of all ranks and ages never seemed to tire.

“Viva, viva, viva

Pedro, viva a Santa Religião;

Viva Maria Secunda,

Liberal Constitucião.”

CHAPTER III.

The Fish Market — Praça do Commercio — Custom-house — Bacalhao Street — Corn Market — Washerwomen — Vicente de Fora — Graça — Monte — Castle of St. George — Praça des Figueras — College of Jesuits — Mosaics of St. Roque — Preparations for Chaunting — Washing the feet of Beggars — Nunneries — Extraordinary Mortifications — Life in a Convent — Taking the Veil — Doing Penance — Suppression of Religious Houses — Confessions of a Friar — Travellers see strange Sights — Cruel Sport — Palace of Adjuta — Museum — Convent of St. Jeronymo — King Death.

A TRAVELLER should always in a great city get up by times and visit the markets. Early in the morning at Lisbon, the boats of the fishermen will be seen discharging cargoes of cod, scate, whittings, and sword-fish, all of excellent quality. Lisbon is famed for prawns; certainly they looked large and plump; I'm not fastidious, but I did

not relish the idea of the rich pasture of the bed of the Tagus. I saw enough mud in the streets, without wishing to have any thing to do with the mud of the river.

Women might be seen in the fish-market frying little fish in oil, and thus stimulating the appetite of galegos through the medium of the nose. The hungry would approach with a piece of bread in his hand, deposit a few reis, and make his breakfast from the hissing and bubbling vessel. Roasting of chesnuts, with salt sprinkled over them, was to be seen at every corner. Talking of corners, I could not make out at first why sapateiros, or shoemakers, were to be seen plying their trade at the bottom of some stairs leading to floors inhabited by different families, till I had occasion to pass stairs and passages where there was no Crispin at work: truly, there is little regard paid in this ancient city to the common decencies of life.

The Praça do Commercio, commonly called Black-horse Square, from the noble equestrian statue of King Joseph in the middle of it, is now

in the way of being completed, workmen being busily employed in finishing the south side where stood the old palace of the kings.

If a stranger visits the custom-house, he will find the long room ornamented in the ceiling with stucco ornaments, and with fresco paintings on the walls; he will see the commissioners and their clerks seated at tables; bales of Manchester goods on the floors, cotton bales from Brazil, long sugar boxes like square trunks of trees, and galegos running up and down stairs with an arch of skins on their heads, and tails dangling behind them.

If he walks on to Bacalhao (Salt-fish) Street, his sense of smelling will be assailed with odours fraught with aught but Arabian perfume; and he will there see a curious house called Casa dos Bicos, "the house of points," with projecting stones stuck over the front of it like "spines upon the fretful porcupine."

Next will be seen the corn-market, with great stores of wheat under a spacious roof; further on the highly carved front of the Ordnance will

arrest his attention. Mineral baths of unpromising outward appearance, but well arranged inside, will be found near the Ordnance; and if a glance is cast through an open door beside the baths, a square tank full of dirty water and washerwomen with "kilted coats" will be observed: but let not the inquisitive stranger tarry long at the door, or else the Naiads may thump him instead of the stones with a wet garment.

I tried in vain to get into the interior of the great pile of Vicente de Fora, but admired greatly the exterior with its mighty towers ornamented with pillars and statues of saints. Ascending to the hill where stands the Convent of Graça, a superb view is obtained of the city and river; and entering the convent, the pavement will be found broken in many places with the hoofs of horses during the Peninsular war.

I greatly admire the azulejo, or blue and white tiles so profusely employed on the walls of the old religious edifices in Portugal, on which are represented scriptural subjects, wreaths of flowers, &c. The best souvenirs of Portugal are

one of the antique-looking brass lamps on its high stand, (found in every house), and a few tiles of azulejo to place in a table; with these, associations of Portugal will immediately be awakened.

Instead of the garden in the square court of Graça being filled with flowers, as it was formerly wont to be, we found a thick crop of nettles, and immediately guessed that this convent was about to be suppressed.

The altar in the lofty church was piled high with silver candlesticks, or at least with *silvered* candlesticks; for the French get the blame, as usual, of carrying off the plate from this as from other churches. It was convenient to say "the French" did so and so, when any valuables were missing.

On the walls hung little pictures of miraculous deliverances from danger,—a shipwreck for instance, where Christ was represented in the heavens showing his Cross to the mariners, and thus assuring them of his interposition in their behalf; and a family in the midst of flames with a

similar manifestation of divine aid. Little models of arms and legs, &c. were also hung on the pillars, to commemorate the cure of diseases or wounds.

In the vestry were long chests containing the sacerdotal garments, and some excellent paintings were hung round the apartment. There was also the monument of some great personage, and we asked a priest whose it was ; he replied by that shrug, inclination of the head to one side, drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and elevation of the eyebrows so expressive of helpless ignorance, and so entirely different from the French shrug, in which among other ingredients there are self-sufficiency and nonchalance, and a look of knowing a great deal more than it is thought worth while to reveal.

We next ascended a neighbouring hill to the little church called Nossa Senhora de Monte, before which was a slender pillar with bevelled edges and an inscription to the effect, that here was the original seat of the Augustines. Monte was another beautiful point of view.

We then toiled up the steep street leading to the Castle of St. George, on whose sloping hill were olive trees. The sentries were particular as to whom they admitted, and we found the courts crowded with prisoners, many of whom were lying in the sun, squalid, dirty, and with chains about their legs. Behind a grating we observed the Miguelite general, Sir John Campbell.

We saw little worthy of notice in the castle; the ancient walls were modernised, and the carving was concealed with plaster and white wash. We descended to the Praça des Figueras (fig-trees) the Covent Garden of Lisbon, where we found fine figures of countrymen in jackets, knee-breeches, large silver buckles, and white stockings, and sun-burnt women in dark dresses, standing behind piles of vegetables and fruit. Little cages for crickets we also noticed as something out of the common way; and in a corner two Spanish gipsies, in embroidered jackets and slouched hats, clipped the hair from the back of a mule.

It was painful to witness the state in which the College of the Jesuits was. At the side of the splendid door-way were seven statues of Apostles, the rest having been mutilated and lost in the ruins. Great part of the lofty church, formed of the most costly materials, was roofless; the pulpits were beautifully carved, and surmounted with crowns and seraphim. Frames of carved oak and spiral pillars were around the high altar; the walls were inlaid with jasper and lapis lazuli, which the carpenters (employed for the neighbouring hospital) would, if I had chosen, have abstracted from the panels for me,—in fact, one of them offered to bring me a marble dolphin “for a consideration.”

The mosaics of the Silver Chapel of St. John, in St. Roque, are highly celebrated—the principal one representing the Baptism of our Saviour by St. John, and the Father and Angels contemplating the Sacrament, while the divine influence of the Dove descends in a ray on the head of Christ: it is a most beautiful work of art. The two side mosaics are the Annunciation to Mary

by an Angel of most graceful figure, bearing a flower in his hand,—and the Virgin seated in the midst of the Twelve, on whom the tongues are descending.

I waited for several hours one day in the vestry of St. Roque with a very obliging and intelligent Portuguese gentleman, Senhor Fortunato, (with whom I had many pleasant walks in and about Lisbon,) to get the key of the chapel; the priests were preparing for high mass, and seemed to be in very good spirits, laughing and talking at a great rate. Some of the elders, to prevent exhaustion during the ceremony in which they were about to be engaged, went to a press in the wall and took from it a square bottle of vinho branco, with which they washed the dust from their throats in order that the chaunting might be more effective. We complained of thirst, as the day was hot; when we were shown a corner where stood a jar of cool spring water.

The strange ceremony of washing the feet of beggars is still practised at Lisbon. Among others, one rich man having endowed a church,

has this great privilege allowed him, and once a year the ceremony is performed. Interest is made to be a beggar on this occasion; for the twelve poor people who are selected, get new clothes and a crusado each. The great man, in a court dress with a silk apron and silver fringe, advances to the beggars,—servants bearing a silver basin and ewer, and twelve clean napkins; a little water is sprinkled on the feet, which are afterwards gently touched with a towel, and this is the whole affair. Royalty itself still condescends to officiate in this lowly office at the cathedral church.

“Trahit sua quemque voluptas.”

The interior of nunneries is not to be seen in Lisbon by pass-keys, as at the Azores; but a gentleman with a smooth chin and fond of adventure may possibly pass through a nunnery in disguise, though it is not right to attempt it.

It is hardly credible what mortifications are practised in Portuguese nunneries, even *aujourd'hui*. The order of La Trappe, for in-

stance, is so strict, that during only fifteen hours in the year are the sisterhood allowed to converse: confession is included in this. Of what use is the noble gift of speech to these poor creatures? Enclosed in a prison as it were, for no offence against society, they still cannot unburthen their souls to one another in social communing; the solitary outpouring of their griefs is alone whispered to the walls of their cells. Better to die at once than lead such a dreary, such a vegetable existence!

“In the convent’s dreary gloom
Could the spreading woodbine bloom?
Could the thrush, no longer free,
Carol with its wonted glee?
No! within this prison’s shade
Hope must die and pleasure fade!”

The felons I saw in the solitary cells in the Philadelphia Penitentiary, had more cheering prospects than these poor nuns; for they knew that at the end of their ten or twenty years’ incarceration, they would be restored again to the world to enjoy society as they listed,—their

former associates in crime dead, perhaps, and their own former career unknown to a new generation.

In one convent the nuns sew shrouds and dig a part of their own graves daily, thus having the grim King of Terrors constantly present to their imagination. A lady told me that at one convent a nun approached her, and requested a lock of her hair.

“Why do you wish it?”

“Your hair is like that of our Patron Saint, which is nearly all lost and decayed; oblige us therefore with a little of yours.” To have one’s hair worshipped, was certainly a strong temptation to use the scissors.

Some people suppose that violent passions and quarrels are unknown in nunneries, and that the inmates can have nothing to disturb their quiet. This is not the case; jealousies arise, not about lovers, but about flowers, — seeds of discord are sown in their gardens.

Some of the Portuguese nuns sing delightfully, not merely hymns, but the music of Italian

operas. I was highly pleased with the Portuguese modinhas, or love-songs; there is a wildness and simplicity about them which was very attractive, and which served to raise the country and people in one's estimation.

An English lady, who had lately visited a convent, told me that she spoke with a nun who had been immured for thirty years. "I cannot describe to you," she said, "how tired, how worn out I am with my hopeless confinement. I would consent to die, to be allowed to return for one year to the world; and I have an ardent desire to mingle even for one month with society: but alas! I cannot escape from my imprisonment."

My informant also said that in the church of the convent she saw some gentlemen most devoutly crossing themselves; and on remarking their piety afterwards to a friend,—“You are mistaken,” was the reply; “these pious gentlemen were engaged in making signs to the nuns, who were peeping at them through a grating behind the altar.”

It is a most painful sight to witness a young

and delicate creature, in the very spring time of her existence, the interesting age of fifteen, take the veil ; and one is inclined to curse the elders who assist at the ceremony, for lending themselves to such an unnatural rite. Crowned with flowers, and arrayed in a bridal dress, the novice advances in procession into the church ; the bell tolls, and she is laid down and covered with a pall,—thus dying to the world and all its enjoyments ; the hair—the pride of woman—is cut off, the plain habit assumed, and a dull and dreary existence commences.

Early in the morning, ladies may be seen going to the churches to do penance ; perhaps, consisting of going on their knees round the interior. At certain times, the figures of the Virgin and Saints are carried through the streets by people barefooted and shrouded in cloaks, and the whiteness of the skin of many of these betray them to be of the higher orders. But sometimes penance is a complete farce : thus, I heard of one lady who vowed on recovering from illness to go from one church to another bare-

footed; she did so, but it was in full dress and carried in a sedan chair.

The late abolition of monasteries, convents, &c., and the appropriation of their property for state purposes, is the severest blow to Catholicism that it has experienced in modern times, in one of its strong-holds too,—Portugal. If the monks partly by their money, influence, and personal services in the field aided the usurper, and principally contributed to a protracted civil war, they must have been prepared for such a sweeping edict if the cause of the Constitutional party triumphed.

It appeared to me that the partial suppression of religious houses *during the war* was injudicious, for it is well known that almost every great family in Portugal had a son or relative in one of them; therefore when these men were deprived of their bread, they returned to their friends loud and unceasing in their complaints, and sowing disaffection among those who might otherwise have sided with the party of the queen.

An Irish gentleman told me that he was recently in a convent where a young friar came up to him and addressed him in English, for it appeared he had been educated in the Catholic college of Maynooth. "How do you like your situation here?" inquired my informant.

"Not at all," was the answer. "We're dressed neither like men nor women; some of us lead correct lives, but a great many are debauched and hypocrites. Having lived some time in your country and seen a little of society, I hate humbug, and there is a great deal of it here; thus, the Pope's licence may be obtained for keeping a housekeeper *above* forty years of age; but some of our holy fathers have female cousins of sixteen or seventeen to look after their domestic economy. If we were to go to the Opera together, I could show you numbers of my brethren there. You know we are obliged to shave a round spot on our crowns, and you may know friars by their wearing a little patch on this, when dressed like laymen in public."

Catholics who read the above details, may say

that I am prejudiced against them. I deny it; I am prejudiced against no religion, but respect the devout and sincere aspirations of the heart, proceeding from whatever people or nation. Abuses there are in all religious orders; these ought to be exposed and reformed, and no man ought to be contemned, who if born in one particular religious belief, continues faithfully to adhere to it, and leads at the same time a moral life.

In rambling about for exercise and to make one's observations in the streets, certain peculiarities are constantly to be remarked for some days by the stranger. Thus he will see a water-cart drawn by rams, and directed by a rapaz, or boy, with a long stick, and perhaps a straw dress on him if it happens to rain.

At another turn, he will come upon certain old ladies boxed up in an ancient flower-painted coach, which slowly jolts through the streets, dragged by two fine bullocks, and a servant in livery behind it. He will then see the son of a fidalgo seated on a mule, and kicking and

spurring it in a circle before the windows of his admiring mother and sisters. On approaching this spirited equestrian, it will be found that an iron ring attached to the saddle surrounds his body, enabling him to show off to great effect since he is so secured in his seat.

A tinkling bell will be heard ; silence will immediately prevail amongst the talkative throng ; bolheros will pull up their horses, dismount and kneel bareheaded beside them ; men and women will be seen on their knees, and Protestant strangers will raise their hats ; a procession of priests in red garments bearing banners and crucifixes on poles before the Host will pass ; rapid crossing and muttering of prayers will ensue, till the procession is out of sight.

The voices of men singing a hymn will sometimes be heard in the streets, and the sailors of a vessel newly arrived from a distant voyage will be seen hat in hand and slowly bearing one of their best sails, with pictures of the saint to whom they had vowed it in their distress. They are about to present it to a church, and then to buy it back again.

A crowd will collect ; short exclamations of rage will be heard, accompanied with blows ; and on elbowing one's way through the spectators, two fellows may be seen slapping one another with their open hands about the face ; their rage will increase, they will grapple with one another, hair will be torn out by the roots, and clothes violently rent ; unable to throw one another on the ground, the stronger will push his antagonist from him, at the same time disabling him by a kick in the stomach. But these savage encounters are rare, and, as I said before, the Portuguese are very quiet and kind in their intercourse with one another ; but when they fight without having recourse to the knife, it is as above. They don't like to see their own blood, and a big fellow will cry if his " claret is tapped."

One sees a proof of the kindness of the lower orders of Portuguese to one another, particularly in the careful manner in which they hunt one another's heads for certain tormentors. These are sometimes destroyed wholesale in the following summary manner : a couple of galegos are

seated on the steps of a fountain, the one with his head on the knee of the other ; the matted cover is carefully beat, and if a covey is found, a stone forthwith crushes them to atoms. But enough of this ; let us take boat, and go down to Belem and visit the great pile of the Adjuta Palace.

In rowing down the stream, one passes the smart little schooners from Bristol, Liverpool, and other English ports, arriving for their cargoes of oranges. Large vessels are not employed in this trade, for the fruit soon spoils ; it is therefore quickly shipped in small quantities and despatched. The want of quays will be too evident whilst seeing the lighters slowly discharging cargoes, which otherwise might have been warehoused in a third of the time, if the magnificent scheme had been carried into effect to make a quay from the Caes do Sodre to Belem. Donna Maria's reign may yet be immortalized by this splendid improvement.

We stepped on shore at a handsome stone landing-place, and walked up a long ascent to the palace. It is built of white stone, and though begun forty years ago, if it does not progress

faster than it has hitherto done, it will take twenty more before it is completed. But while the Portuguese build slowly, they finish so substantially, that the Adjuta looks as solid as a pyramid. The plan of the palace is that of a large square pile of three stories ; a court in the centre, and square towers (little higher than the roof) at the angles, and a pediment in the centre of each of the faces.

On passing below one of three arches by which the palace is entered, statues of the Virtues and Passions arrest attention ; they are placed in niches, and are generally well executed. Humanity extracts a thorn from a dog's foot ; and Liberality casts off her robes, and kicks down a cornucopia of gems.

Proceeding up a broad staircase, an old servant of the palace will show the nearly unfurnished rooms ; they are lofty and well lighted, commanding a magnificent view of the river towards the south. The fresco paintings on the walls are (in the throne-room) allegorical and illustrative of passages in the history of Portugal. Don John VI.,

the late monarch, is represented in a dozen different dresses in a gallery; his face heavy, under lip drooping, and stomach prominent: that he died by poison is not *now* generally believed,—his excessive appetite doubtless killed him.

Near the picture of the king, are representations of different battles in the late Peninsular war, in which (very naturally) the Portuguese are represented firing, charging, and bearing the brunt of the actions; while their faithful allies, “os amigos Inglezes,” act as the reserve!

We next walked in a pleasant garden stocked with exotics, and which was laid out like those delightful gardens of the olden time, with straight walks, terraces and balustrades, fountains and statues. After imbibing the sweet scent of the flowers, we inspected a Museum crowded with specimens of the three kingdoms of nature, mixed up with Indian ornaments from Brazil, spiral tusks of elephants from Angola, Hindoostanee arms from Goa,—reminding one of the scattered colonies of the Portuguese. There were also certain monstrosities of the human race, besides cyclops,

pigs, calves with six legs, and other equally agreeable objects.

A great many of the Lisbonians have never seen the convent of St. Jeronymo at Belem, certainly one of the most interesting in the world, built where the great Vasco de Gama embarked on his perilous enterprises under the auspices of Emanuel,—

“ The Lusitanian prince who, heaven-inspired,
To love of useful glory roused mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mixed the world.”

At St. Jeronymo is to be seen the most elaborate carving imaginable, only to be compared to the rich work of the chisel on the caverned temples of Elora, in India. Every pillar of St. Jeronymo is different, and there is a mixture of Moorish and Gothic architecture, in the general style of the building, which is highly curious.

Don Pedro, with his usual active and stirring spirit, was causing this splendid pile to be cleaned and repaired, and (I hope) restored to its original state, by the removal of intrusive walls, modern

windows, and doors, which defaced the intervals between the buttresses.

An institution most creditable to the country has lately been removed from the city to St. Jeronymo,—a school for one thousand orphans of both sexes. Here they are well fed, clothed, and lodged, besides being educated partly after the Lancasterian system, and fitted for being afterwards creditably settled in the world. Their dormitories were the cells of the monks, over each of which was a Latin scriptural motto; as

“Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.”

“For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord.”

“Set your affections on things above, and not on the things of this earth.”

“Though after death worms shall destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.” &c.

We saw the children marched slowly in to a large hall to dine, with their hands as in the act of prayer. A bell rang, and they said grace, looking towards a figure of the Virgin and Child; another bell, and they seated themselves, and

soon cleared their tins of soup, meat, and bread, washed down with a small quantity of red wine. Some of the girls were good looking, but the boys generally very ugly.

In the library we saw part of the splendidly illuminated Bible which the French carried off, and which was repurchased for 40,000 crusados; and in a hall with a carved roof we saw many pictures of kings, and a new painting representing Don Pedro, with the empress and young queen leaning on his arms. Here we were attended by several deaf and dumb youths, who were also receiving their education. We afterwards walked on the roof of St. Jeronymo, and saw the extensive garden ground where the youth take air,—I can hardly say exercise, for the Portuguese youth are not given to active sports.

I was much struck with two lofty round pillars of white marble, richly carved, which rose from the floor to the ceiling of the church, and contrasting beautifully with the sombre hue of the walls. Behind the altar a small recess was opened

mysteriously, and on stooping down and entering a low door I found myself in a small crypt, in which were two ancient coffins, red and ornamented with brass nails ; one of these was opened by a priest, and I saw before me by a dim light the body of one of the royal Alphonsos, lying like King Death, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile ;" the skull surrounded with a gilt crown, the body enclosed in embroidered vestments of silk, and the hands, on which was still seen the muscular fibre, clasped below the breast.

" Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glitt'ring toys of earth,
That lure us here ;
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas ! before it bids us wake
Ye disappear."

CHAPTER IV.

Determine to visit the Seat of War—When an Officer may be shot—Leave Lisbon with a Companion—He plays the Author a Trick—Jack-a-Lantern—A Muleteer—Effects of War on Country-houses—Peasants—Their Civility to Strangers—The Country—Sagavem—Villa Franca—Style of Architecture and People—A Tiffin—A Proper Man—Lines of Torres Vedras—Villa Nova—Sick and Wounded—Playing at Soldiers—Arrive at Cartaxo—Industrious Fleas—Anecdote—Field Breakfast—Grievances of Lancers—Field Marshal Count Saldanha—Position of Donna Maria's Army—Santarem.

DETAINED in Lisbon, as I formerly mentioned, awaiting the arrival of a high functionary, through whose influence with the Portuguese ministers I hoped to make certain arrangements preparatory to setting out on my mission to South Africa, I took an opportunity to proceed up the country to the actual seat of war, to see and give an account of both contending parties.

Some people will say, that an officer has no business to put himself in the way of being shot, unless he is ordered and is engaged on the service of his own country; but an officer who does not take every opportunity of adding to his stock of military information at any risk, has mistaken his profession, and cannot so well serve his country when she demands his services in the field, as another who "breaks the line of coaches," and is not content to follow in the common wheel-rut of a peace campaign.

A countryman, Mr. Adams, (a grower of fruit for the English market) had agreed to accompany me through both the queen's army before, and Don Miguel's army in Santarem; he had a quinta (country-house) on the Tagus beyond Santarem which he was about to visit, and as he was well known to the Miguelite officers, I thought that a better opportunity could not present itself for proceeding to the scene of action.

I had my uniform and passport as a British officer, with my baggage, which might have been produced had Don Miguel detained me; but in

order to avoid observation as much as possible, and to accomplish what I intended without questions being asked, I equipped myself partly as a guerilla, in blue jacket and trowsers, broad brimmed hat, red sash, sword and pistols, and set off on a small ambling horse, baggage and muleteer on a mule, and Mr. Adams riding his horse. I anticipated both pleasure and instruction from his company ; but we had not proceeded far, before my companion, without explaining his intention, rode on at a gallop before me and disappeared. At this time I had been but a short time in the country, “ was strange to the land and its language,” and having no suspicion of the trick that was about to be played me, I pushed on with my muleteer, hoping at every turn to see Senhor Adams waiting for us.

As we passed along one of the narrow and savoury streets of Lisbon, near the outskirts of “ the perfumed city,” an extraordinary object over head arrested our attention. I thought at first it was some Miguelite spy on whom summary justice had been executed, for it appeared to be

the body of a man in a high-crowned and broad-brimmed hat, round jacket, pantaloons, boots and spurs, which was suspended *à la lanterne* and across the street by a stout rope. The muleteer, however, solved the difficulty; the villainous figure was that of Judas the Betrayer, at which stones and dirt had been liberally thrown.

The muleteer was a pleasant fellow, short and stout, sat carelessly on the top of my bags and cloak, was rigged out in a blue and white (Constitutional) night-cap, red vest, light blue trowsers and sash, and with one spur he administered a severe punch ever and anon to the neck of his mule. He ate brown bread from his pocket, sang *modinhas*, or love-songs, and occasionally handed me a tin snuff-box. I thought of Don Quixote and Sancho, and fully expected some pleasant adventures rivalling those of the windmills, or flock of sheep.

Leaving the nauseous streets and the canine scavengers behind, we breathed the pure air of the country redolent of the perfume of orange-groves, of roses, and of jessamines; but we tra-

velled miles before we could free ourselves of a badly paved road, between high walls of the gardens of quintas. The houses themselves, for some distance out of the town, exhibited marks of recent and severe fighting; many were roofless, their insides entirely “gutted,” the marks of fire above the windows, bullet-holes round them, and here and there the large *smash* of a round shot on the walls; this again looked like the seat of war, what *we* are ignorant of in our own favoured land, and what we are not sufficiently thankful for not experiencing. Pleasant residences occupied by troops,—books, pictures, and furniture destroyed,—cellars broken open,—lower windows barricaded,—upper ones broken,—fruit trees torn from the garden wall to allow of its being loop-holed,—ornamental trees, venerable with age and from the hands which planted them, cut down to form abbatis:—it would have been well for some of those who know not how to appreciate the security and comfort of their own residences in our beloved islands, to have seen the miseries inflicted by war, despotism, and superstition on a

country greatly favoured by nature, and once pre-eminent in the scale of nations for wide-spread dominion, and for commercial prosperity.

“ For ’tis a goodly sight to see
What heaven hath done for this delicious land;
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,
What goodly prospects o’er the hills expand;
But man would mar them with an impious hand.”

The scriptural allegory of the vine is too applicable to suffering Lusitania to be here omitted.—
“Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land, and the hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches into the river. Why hast thou broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her? The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it. Return, we beseech thee, O God of Hosts! look down from heaven and behold and visit this vine!”

We met many of the peasantry proceeding

to market with their fruit and vegetables in panniers, or mats, on the backs of mules and asses; on the top of the load were large bouquets of flowers, of which the fair sex in Lisbon, cooped up as in a large jail, are excessively fond. The female peasants were commonly dressed in a short cloth jacket, blue or red petticoats; some of them with a round hat on their head, and others with a striped handkerchief, and almost all with Wellington boots on their feet. The men, in broad-brimmed hats and brown jackets, with a brown and white striped manta, or plaid, on one shoulder, and in their right hand a formidable quarter-staff, gave us in passing a rough "viva, senhor!"

The Portuguese peasantry in general are very civil and hospitable to strangers; speak them fair, and they will do all in their power to comply with your wishes, and to answer your interrogatories; will go out of their own way to put you in yours, and will share with you their scanty fare, often without expectation of remuneration. If, on the other hand, they are harshly used,

or conceive themselves insulted, they are quick to revenge and soon show the deadly use they can make of their long staves, rushing upon and beating to death those who have incurred their displeasure. I have been told by English sportsmen who have seen much of the Portuguese peasantry, that on asking leave of the farmers, they could go over and through every sort of ground and crop in pursuit of game; even in the grape-season, when the country dogs are prevented from destroying the heavy and delicious clusters by a triangular apparatus attached to their necks, the dogs of the sportsmen were not prevented from going among the vineyards. The sentiments of the peasantry in general were in favour of Don Miguel; the influence of the priests occasioned this; but what availed the feelings of a poor, ignorant, and scattered population, as long as at Lisbon and Oporto (the ruling heads of the country) there was an overpowering party determined to support the queen and the Carta Constitucional!

Freed from the walls which interrupted our view on either side, we found ourselves ambling along between aloes and hawthorn hedges,—the torrid and temperate zones being here in conjunction as it were, and the eye ranged over a fertile country; on the right being the valley of the Tagus, the corn-fields alternating with scattered groves of pale green olive-trees and stunted vines, and the soil upturned with heavy one-handed ploughs with wheels in front, two or three yokes of oxen to drag them, a man with a goad, besides the holder of the stilt. It was the spring time of the year, a bright sun and sky were over head, the face of nature looked gay and smiling; wild flowers were rife in the hedges, singing birds were not unfrequent, and the windmills on the hills on our left, with sails like Maltese crosses, went merrily round with a wild and strange noise. Nothing was inharmonious but the dreadful creaking of the bullock-carts, whose clumsy wooden wheels screamed and groaned in agony as they toiled through the sandy and broken roads, reminding

one of the late meetings of the Cortes,—great noise and little work.

At Sagavem we passed by a bridge of boats, a stream running into the broad and glorious Tagus, here seen to wind among several fertile islands. Passing through some small towns we arrived at Villa Franca. The style of the architecture was in general solid and substantial; the houses of one, two, or three stories, the windows and doors large, the roofs nearly flat and covered with tiles, and the walls white-washed,—very absurd where there is such a glare, but very seldom in England even is a stone-colour preferred to dazzling white, a colour which harmonizes so little with nature's hues. A curiously carved stone cross, with iron spikes at the top, marked the rank of the towns. The women at the doors plied the ancient distaff, stuck in their girdle on the left side, and twirled the thread with their moistened fore-finger and thumb on the right; unemployed men were seen lounging about, dragging their legs lazily after them, cased in breeches open at the knees, or

drowsily resting on their staves, or sleeping at a door where a bush hanging from the wall told where "bom vinho" was to be had.

The throat of the muleteer frequently sympathised with the dry leaves of the wine bush; and I was never backward in complying with his request for a quartello, or pint glass, of "vinho tinto, por amor de Deos." Neither the common red nor white wine of the country agrees with a stranger at first. I bought oranges for about a penny a-dozen, a good sized loaf for twopence, and we ate as we rode along, occasionally mumbling a curse at the unaccountable behaviour of Senhor Adams.

"For though knight-errants, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Unless they grazed; there's not one word
Of their provision on record,
Which made some confidently write
They had no stomach but to fight."

We stopped at a farrier's to get a new shoe for my beast, when who should appear but the Senhor himself, with a lady in charge seated on

a sort of chair strapped on a mule. Our worthy did not wait for me, but passed on, merely saying, "I suppose you'll overtake us immediately." I was not five minutes after him; but as I suppose he turned off the road with his friend and let me pass, (doubtless much pleased with the success of his artifice,) I held on my way with the muleteer, heartily wishing the Senhor at the devil.

Villa Franca is a considerable place; but many of the houses were empty in consequence of the war, and in fact the towns through which we had passed had all a desolate look about them, probably from the same cause. We found here in the Market Square, a newly raised regiment of movil (movable) militia, they were rather party-coloured, not having got proper clothing; one of their sentries had better have been transferred to a *fixed* regiment, for he had a little head between round shoulders, a great rotundity of flank, and on his "fair belly" rested his hands, holding diagonally across his corporation his fusee; he swaggered and rolled about at

his post at a great rate, thinking, I suppose, that the women looked after him and said "What a proper man!"

A brig of war and a schooner lay off Villa Franca, bearing the "bandeira azul e branca," blue and white flag of the queen, with the Portuguese crown in the centre. These vessels were intended to keep open the navigation of the river, and parties from them had frequent skirmishes with the Miguelites occupying the south side.

Near Villa Franca we passed some of Lord Wellington's formidable lines, redoubts, and batteries, extending to and beyond Torres Vedras, and thus enclosing Lisbon from the sea to the river. Many of the defences can now be hardly distinguished above the grass which covers them, the winter rains having crumbled the earthen breast-works into the ditches; others again, with more substantial revetments, are nearly entire, and remain as monuments of the master mind which planned them, and the zeal and activity of the engineers who superintended their construction in the short space of eight months, and

with a starving peasantry which furnished 7000 labourers for the great work.

At Villa Nova the heat was great. The town was almost entirely ruined by the French; its position is very strong, on a low hill, with a deep stream along the southern wall filled with the tide from the Tagus. The muleteer here got into conversation with an old woman, and his desire to talk was so great that I could hardly get him along; till some armed and mounted peasants, or guerillas, with broad Spanish hats, long sticks on their shoulders, and swords and carbines by their sides, rode up to us, on perceiving whom he saw the necessity of remaining near me, to save if possible my baggage and his own bacon.

Sick and wounded officers and soldiers passed us occasionally; they rode on mules or asses, had generally rough beards on their chins, and travelled in threes and fours, and carried long guns and swords to defend them from the guerillas. Labouring through heavy sand, with green lizards disporting themselves at the mouths of their holes by the way-side, we passed a very likely place for

an adventure, viz.,—a scattered pine-wood. I was obliged to dismount and walk my jaded horse here, and I had made up my mind to a shot from behind a tree; however, we passed on unmolested, verifying on this, as on other journeys, the maxim, that if a man keeps always perfectly sober, with an even temper and no display of wealth, he may pass unscathed almost every where.

We ascended a steep road, and heard drums and trumpets announcing sun-down and our vicinity to an army. It was not here as it is at home, where civilians say that the military, having nothing better to do, make as much noise as they can to show the lieges that they are not asleep; here they were in the actual presence of the enemy, or as I heard an English adjutant of lancers say to his men, “Come, no grumbling, boys, about provisions; you ought to live now for a week on the smell of an oil-rag, for remember you’re now before the enemy.”

After a hot ride of upwards of fifty miles, with hardly any food or rest, we found ourselves in the market-place of Cartaxo, the head-quarters

of the army of the queen, situated on a table-land two leagues from the famous Santarem.

The market-place was full of lancers, caçadores, and country people; the soldiers were lounging about, the (once) red jackets of the lancers of a claret colour from service, and the brown-clad infantry much cleaner than the dragoons; each man had his haversack over his shoulder, which he was employed in filling from the stalls of vegetables and fruit, or else was taking off an evening potation of wine at an *estalagem*.

It was too late to go to the advanced posts, four miles distant, to see Colonel Shaw, to whom I had an introduction, and I was not rigged in a proper manner to wait on any of the staff of Field-Marshal Count Saldanha; so I made up my mind to pass the night among the mules and muleteers. In wandering about, I discovered my friend Lieut. Lauder of Her Most Faithful Majesty's lancers. He introduced me to his captain, (a Portuguese officer,) and after some tea and talk over the occurrences of the war and anticipating a fight on the morrow, Lauder and myself

retired to find out his billet ; but he had only just arrived at Cartaxo, had not noted the land-marks, and could not find his quarters ; so we were both compelled to turn into the mule-stable. Here we got water from a leathern bucket out of a deep well in the court to quench our thirst, and found two square oil-presses in the stable, one of which was filled with straw, the other with snoring muleteers ; a dozen mules busily feeding were alongside. We spread cloaks on the straw, and when about to lie down, a rough-haired dog seemed to move beneath us ; on touching it with my foot, a child appeared from a hole, into which it had inserted its person for warmth.

For four hours after we lay down, sleep was denied us ; the “ industrious fleas ” were really quite unmerciful, and we were positively devoured. A muleteer had got hold of a black bag I usually carry to set at defiance these tormentors, so we were completely at their mercy. We fidgetted and kicked out, whilst occasionally the mules let fly at one another with their hoofs, accompanied with a horrid noise. I have passed a few

such nights before, which at the time gave rise to the reflection, whether such intolerable misery was compensated for by visiting foreign scenes ; but a few hours sleep towards morning, and a bright sunshine, would quickly efface from the recollection our previous tortures.

“Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chace,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way and long, long league to trace,
Oh ! there is sweetness in the mountain air
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share !”

Here let me give an anecdote regarding fleas. An English friend settled in Portugal, used to journey periodically between Lisbon and Oporto, and at one of the stages an old priest was in the habit of coming in to hear the news and chat for an hour. The discourse one day turned on the uses of different animals, as the horse, the dog, &c.

“E pulgas,” (and fleas,) inquired my friend, “of what use are they?”

“Fleas!” answered the priest; “why fleas are of great use. They make people active, they prevent them going to sleep; thus, when a

person is bit by a flea, he hunts for it, looks about to catch it, and is wide awake ;"—a very good idea truly for a fat, lazy priest !

We shook the straw off our clothes, and went down to the barracks of a troop of British lancers, in a quinta outside the town. We found some of the men sleeping in their cloaks on the ground floor, and others cleaning their arms and accoutrements, talking of what they had done, and what they intended to do in putting to flight ten times their own number of Miguelites. Lances, sabres, and saddles were picturesquely disposed about their dormitory. We asked the adjutant for water to wash, and a share of his breakfast ; when into an upper room marched two troopers, with a camp-kettle between them containing water, followed by two others with another kettle, containing a savoury mess of ration-beef, boiled with bread and onions. The "grub" was hoisted on the top of a barrel ; I drew the knife and fork from my dirk, and three hungry mortals standing round the kettle quickly saw the bottom of it.

It was a subject of complaint with the queen's lancers, that they had no pistols: they told an absurd story of the Miguelite dragoons having a particular cut (four) by which the lance was cut through. As an old dragoon, I think lancers are better without fire-arms; if they have a pistol, they are fonder of having a "pop" with it at a distance, than using their more effective point. Another subject of complaint with the English lancers was, that they were not entirely commanded by their own countrymen. The privates had presented a memorial to the marshal to the effect that they were well pleased with their rations and pay, (as they ought to have been, for both were ample and regular,) but that they would not serve under Portuguese commanders.

Most of the English lancer officers had resigned—very foolishly I thought—because one of their number, a fine gallant fellow, (Captain Rumley) had been sent to the Castle of Lisbon for a day or two, in consequence of a misunderstanding about the sale of a horse; on which his

companions in arms got on "the high horse," and must needs throw up their commissions, thus punishing themselves and forgetting that they ought to make up their minds to their fine feelings being hurt, if they enter a rough and partly irregular service. "Stand by the ship to the last plank," ought to have been their motto, and as long as their own honour was not tarnished.

I delivered letters to Majors Savedra and the Baron Wiederhold,* on the staff of the marshal, and then went to be presented to Saldanha. His Excellency occupied the principal house in the main street of Cartaxo, the upper windows of which were ornamented with iron balconies. In an outer room, with a surbase of blue and white tiles and the walls neatly painted with festoons of flowers, we found some young officers studying the art of war on a backgammon board; while a couple of packs of cards lay on a side-table. An excellent lithograph of Don Pedro fronted the

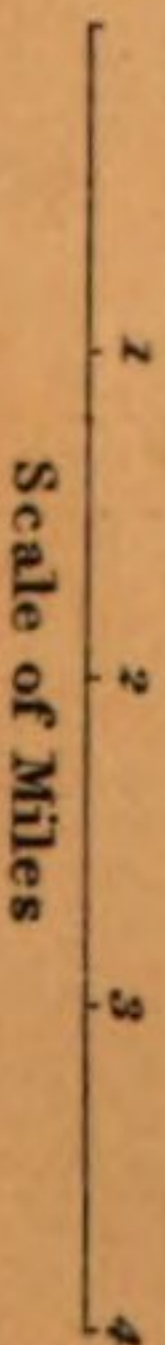
* After their usual manner of corrupting foreign names, the British changed Wiederhold into "Thunderbolt;" yet the baron was a quiet man and an excellent officer.

door, representing the emperor as he appeared at Oporto, with a black beard on his breast.

Till the marshal appeared, I got into conversation with one of the staff, whose opinion was that there was now little hope for Miguel; that parties of the queen's army had fought their way round Santarem and returned to observe it; that the town itself was very strongly intrenched, and that though it might be taken, yet it would cost a loss of 4,000 men to fill up the ditches with their bodies, in the Napoleon style of warfare; but that in a short time it must be evacuated, and that it was not worth while to make any great sacrifice of lives at present.

A curtain was withdrawn from a door, and I found myself in the presence of the field-marshal, who advanced with an affable smile on his countenance. He is of a robust make, six feet in height, with grey hair, mustache and whiskers, wears spectacles on a nose slightly turned up, and his age is apparently upwards of fifty; his dress was a double breasted blue surtout and brass buttons, and brown trowsers with a double stripe

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of red. I was highly pleased with the frank and engaging manner of his Excellency, and I was surprised to hear him speak English better than any foreigner I ever knew. His countess is an Irish lady, and he himself served throughout the Peninsular war. He inquired about my voyage to Lisbon, and about my intended mission to Africa; said he was happy that I should have an opportunity of seeing the good condition in which the queen's army was, and that if I waited a short time I should see an end of the war; inquired what news from France, and after some conversation on the state of the peasantry in Portugal, he retired.

Saldanha was universally beloved and respected by the army under his command; and to show the estimation in which he was held by our own countrymen—not often complimentary to foreigners—whenever he happened to ride near the quarters of the British, the men turned out spontaneously and cheered him.

I got a horse from a staff officer, and proceeded to view a part of the position before Santarem.

Cartaxo, a straggling town with a church and a few hundred inhabitants, stands in the centre of a table-land, rising 250 feet above the Tagus at a distance of three miles to the right. Cartaxo, as I said before, was the head-quarters of the position, and there were quartered in it the sappers and miners, a regiment of lancers, a regiment of carabineers, and the celebrated second caçadores. In front of Cartaxo, and to the right and left of it, in different quintas and villages, some as far off as four miles, were distributed the other regiments comprising the force of Saldanha. Between the position of Saldanha and Santarem is a valley, not an impassable swamp at all seasons as some imagine, but fields watered by the Rio Mayor, which passing under the bridges of Celleiro and Asseca, turns to the right, and at some distance below Cartaxo joins the Tagus.

The position was naturally very strong, and it was further strengthened by art; in front of the ravines leading into the valleys of the Rio Mayor and Tagus, were low hills; on these were breast-works and pieces of artillery, thus forming out-

works to the naturally fortified position, the table-land of Cartaxo.

Looking across the valley of the Rio Mayor, we saw Santarem on its long hill rising 300 feet above the plain, with several spires and domes breaking the line of houses; the house occupied by Miguel was also plainly seen, and figures at an open window by means of a telescope. The house was a large building with many windows, and near it a church on which was a telegraph at work. The old city wall is on the north side of the town, and we could perceive traces of breast-works and batteries on the south side; the new ditches were reported to be the depth of three men, and in some places there were double lines of them. The Tagus runs close under Santarem to the east, where there is a lower and an upper town, and where the hill is very precipitous; the side presented to us was green and sloping, and covered with scattered olive and cork trees. The city, containing thirteen churches, fourteen monasteries, and 10,000 inhabitants, was the residence of the court of many of the early kings of

Portugal, and is celebrated in the history of the country.

Looking to the right, we saw the great and fertile plain of the Tagus, with the town of Almeyrim in the distance, and groves of trees diversifying the fields round many quintas and farm-houses. It was a scene of plenty and abundance, and I was pleased to observe the peasants at work in their vineyards, turning up the rich soil with hoes shaped like a swallow's tail, and to notice numerous droves of horses and cattle, and flocks of sheep feeding near the contending parties. There is no disease here in spring; but as the season advances, some parts of the plain become so unhealthy for want of proper drainage, that the peasants gallop through them to avoid the baneful influence of the malaria.

CHAPTER V.

Colonel Shaw—Commissariat—Dr. J. R. Alcock—Officers in the Field—Peasant's House—Moveables and Immoveables—Quarters at Val de Santarem—Scotch Fusileers—Sentiments of a Soldier—Rations and Pay—Strength of Donna Maria's Army—Don Miguel and his Troops—A Review—Brigadier-General Bacon—The Cavalry—Caçadores—The Line—Distinction of Rank—Volunteers—Belgians—French—Artillery—British Grenadiers and Queen's Irish—Chiefs of Saldanha's Army—Conference between the English Envoy and the Miguelite Commander-in-Chief—The Terms offered to Miguel.

DRESSED in a braided surtout, and white trowsers, with a forage cap and formidable red beard, an officer of middle size and with an aquiline nose approached us, riding a grey galloway. This was Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Shaw, K.T.S. commanding the Scotch fusileers,—a brave soldier, a man of honour, one who has rendered eminent service to the queen, who has been ten times

wounded in her cause, and who commands the most effective corps of foreigners in the liberating army.

We returned to Cartaxo, and saw three Migue-lite deserters enter it with their arms; they had infantry chakoes on, and dirty white jackets and belts; their appearance was squalid and ill fed. As a contrast to these poor fellows, *we* dined heartily with a commissary-general, Senhor Krus, who, with another commissary and two or three score of clerks, kept the army excellently supplied with provisions and the means of transport. People imagined in England that the queen's army was starved; all I can say is, that many of the men were unable to button their jackets; but to this it may be answered, that they were furnished by *contractors*.

I was much pleased to meet at dinner Dr. J. Rutherford Alcock, staff surgeon, a young man of gentlemanly manners and appearance, and of excellent ability. He, like Colonel Shaw, has served Donna Maria zealously since the commencement of the war, and has frequently dressed the wounded under fire.

I was rather surprised at the cool way in which one or two Portuguese officers came up to me, carelessly picking their teeth ; they asked me if I belonged to Colonel Shaw's regiment, and though they appeared listless and indifferent at first, they afterwards improved on acquaintance. Many of the officers before Santarem were sorely at a loss what to do with themselves. An officer of the English regiment rode daily into Cartaxo from Atalia, distance a league, walked up and down a dull street, and then returned to his quarters. " If I were not to kill time in this way," he said, " I must go to sleep under a tree, or else shoot myself."

Next morning I breakfasted with Dr. Alcock at a small farmer's, where he was billeted. In the principal room there was the figure of the Virgin and Child on a table, and covered with a piece of gauze ; on the walls were hung prints of Saints, and a few clumsy chairs and a table comprised the furniture ; in the kitchen was a large open fire-place, in which there were a number of pots and pans. The old woman and her daugh-

ter sat on stools knitting, and complained to the Dr. of the state of their stomachs ; no wonder, since their usual diet was green vegetables, oil, garlick, and sour wine. In an outhouse were many pipes of "vinho tinto." Here, as elsewhere in Portugal, the peasantry cultivate grapes (instead of corn) on rich soils, because they yield a quick return with little labour.

Colonel Shaw having sent a couple of mules for me with his servant Griffin, (a bulky talkative fellow and a capital forager,) I trotted out to the advanced posts at Val de Santarem. Our road led through vineyards and cornfields, with aloes, cactus, and thorn hedges ; then over a heath with "bonnie blooming heather," many bulbs, and the white flowers of the gum cistus sprinkled over it. The trees were olives and pines, and the soil light sand. The road between Val and Cartaxo (four miles) was dangerous to travel at night ; soldiers, of the moveable battalion in particular, used to attack and rob solitary wayfarers. Among other sufferers, was a sergeant of the Scotch, who returning from market with a load of sugar and

coffee on an ass, was struck down by a quarter-staff from behind; recovering himself, he grappled with one of the moveables, who immediately called out "Camaradas!" when two others jumped over a hedge, robbed the sergeant of his money and groceries, and left him with a stab in the thigh,—the moveables thus *fixing* him.

Val de Santarem is seated in a hollow between low hills, and partly on the plain of the Tagus, and the white houses are scattered among trees and gardens. By the side of the road to Santarem was the quarter of Colonel Shaw, a long single-storied peasant's house in a vineyard, into which the enemy's shells were sometimes thrown. In a more sheltered situation were the houses and tents occupied by the Scotch fuzileers.

The colonel and myself occupied a small room twelve feet square, in which were a camp-bed, a rude sofa, three chairs, and a table; swords, telescopes, and caps hung on the wall. Here I passed my time pleasantly, living on ration-beef and bread, and an occasional fish,—the sauce, a good appetite and agreeable conversation. From

the door we could plainly see, at the distance of a mile, the advanced pickets of the enemy, occupying an elevated battery which commanded the bridge and causeway of Ponté Asseca; there were generally two cavalry videttes and two infantry soldiers in the battery to prevent each other deserting, all dressed in blue jackets and chakoes with white belts, and they seemed to be in good order. The reliefs, as they went in and out of the battery, were quite exposed to the shot from our side; and occasionally a staff-officer, with his orderly, would gallop to the parapet and reconnoitre us through his glass.

The Scotch fuzileers were, undoubtedly, the most effective regiment of foreigners in the service of the queen; their appearance on parade was very creditable to the colonel commanding and to an excellent selection of officers, and the interior economy of the corps was also as perfect as circumstances would admit. I say all this, not from partiality to my countrymen, but because it is really the fact.

The men had hitherto dressed in blue jackets

with red facings, like the English and Irish regiments, (of whom presently); but Colonel Shaw had managed to get new scarlet coatees for his men with white facings, like his old crack corps, the celebrated 52nd light infantry. This rather annoyed the English and Irish commandants. At the review on the queen's birth-day, the Scotch fuzileers appeared in new red jackets and white trowsers, with three pipers in feather bonnets and tartans at their head, and the officers also well dressed; the colonel and adjutant wearing the red and white chequer cap and ball of the 71st, or Highland light infantry, which is now the head-dress for officers and men. The colours, of crimson with the royal arms of Portugal, were dyed with the blood of the colonel and of several of his officers.

My national feelings were strongly excited, on seeing my countrymen in the field under such a favourable aspect. Of course I always dressed in the tartans myself, and was much diverted by the exclamation of two of the fuzileers when I first appeared among them.

“G—d, Jock, there’s a Hielandman!” cried one.

“I’ll be d—d if it’s no!” answered the other, in the broadest Caledonian accent. On getting into conversation with them, and inquiring how they liked the service,

“Very weel, sir; but we would like it better if John Mac Doual (Don Miguel) would come out oftener and hae a feght; we’re wearied lying here before Santarem. We’re weel pleased, though, to get awa’ frae Lisbon, for we ken what we’re *signing* here; no like doon there—when they tell’t us to come in and touch the pen—and we would say, ‘We’ll no touch the pen till we ken what its a’ about.’ They would say to us, ‘Weel, ye may go to h—l, then; we dinna want ye’re d—d signing, we can do *without* it.’”

The rations of the British troops in the service of the queen were, 1 lb. of good meat per day, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs of bread, 1 quartello, or pint, of red wine, a tot, or glass, of spirits, and five vintems ($6\frac{1}{2}d.$) besides, in money. Colonel Shaw was particular in seeing his men get their money before nine

o'clock in the morning ; thus during the day they got rid of it, if they saw fish, vegetables, or fruit which tempted them, and at night had nothing left to get "hearty" with. Drunkards were punished in the fuzileers by their pay being stopped and given to improve the mess of their comrades ; this annoyed them exceedingly, and their selfishness and angry feelings were roused on being taunted and jeered by their comrades. Drunkards in British regiments in general, are apt to sell their necessaries for liquor ; this was checked in the fuzileers in the following manner : the moment it was ascertained that a man had sold a shirt or any article of his kit for *aguardente*, the whole contents of his knapsack were taken from him, and he was compelled to buy each article back again by stoppages from his pay ; this also bothered them. So that I saw little drunkenness among the fuzileers, excepting always the liberty-lads with laurel in their caps on the anniversary of some battle, who drank and boasted of their exploits to the gaping recruits.

British officers had been put on Portuguese

pay since the first of January last; thus subalterns got 2s. 8*d.* besides rations. Now this was really ample in the field, if they only refrained from segars, porter, and other luxuries; but no, John Bull will not deny himself indulgences, and many officers were therefore in distress. An ensign in England receives 5s. 3*d.* a-day, and out of that he pays 2s. for his dinner—3s. 3*d.* is left for wine, servant, clothes, &c. Officers must wear good coats in England; but in the field, it matters little if a man fights “out at elbows.”

The strength of the army before Santarem was 12,320 men and 1,503 horses in the month of April; whilst Don Miguel had 11,200 men in and about the impregnable city. The whole of the Liberating army throughout the kingdom then consisted of 32,292 men and 2,171 horses; which details, with others, were kindly furnished me by orders of the marshal, in return for a plan of his position.

One day I saw Don Miguel on a hill surrounded by his staff, and reviewing a brigade of

infantry. It was proposed to throw half a dozen shells at the party, which would have summarily ended the war, though in a cruel manner; however, in a little time the 'rey absoluto' moved beyond range. To the credit of his troops, be it said, they had served him for thirteen months without pay and with few desertions. In Santarem they got a little meat every second day; once there were symptoms of a mutiny, when seven days' pay was distributed; the men got wine and tobacco with this, and were quite content. The Miguelite minister of finance came over one day to Cartaxo, perhaps for change of air, having a complaint in his *chest*.

I saw several reviews of the queen's troops; one of these was in honour of the arrival of Lord Howard de Walden, the British envoy extraordinary, and Admiral Sir Thomas Parker, commanding in the Tagus. On this occasion, a division of the Liberating army (some called it the De-liberating army) was ordered to assemble on the heath near Casal do Oiro, and pass in review before the above personages. On gallop-

ing to the ground, I found the troops in line, with the field-marshal, envoy, and admiral, surrounded by a numerous staff, in front. The troops broke into open column and commenced marching past.

First appeared Brigadier-General Bacon, commanding the cavalry, tall, stout, and good looking, dressed in a hussar cap, blue jacket and trowsers, and red pelisse. He is a brave man and an excellent drill, and is deserving of great credit for organizing a cavalry force in a besieged town (Oporto), which did good service to the queen when it could act in the open country. Behind the brigadier came the lancers in red jackets, and in general on good English horses; they then mustered 500 men and 432 horses, and consisted of British, French, Belgians, and Portuguese. The Miguelites had a very salutary fear of the queen's lancers; and well they might, for the lance is a capital arm for desultory warfare. Then came a regiment of Portuguese cavalry (500 carabineers) in chakoes with a short red feather, blue jackets and over-alls, their cloak worn over their holsters and under their

grey saddle-cloths, and piled to such a height in front of their breast, that in action they doubtless ride about some time after their heads are carried off, as the Mahrattas are said to do in the east. The carbines were slung in a superior manner, entirely behind the right leg, (and not across the thigh as with us,) by which the trowsers are not worn. The Portuguese confess that their cavalry is not their best arm, for they are too lazy to attend to their horses, and besides ride indifferently.

Next followed the favourite arm of Portugal,—the caçadores, being the 5th regiment, consisting of 600 men in high caps, narrowing towards the crown, black cords round them, and a tuft in front; dark brown jackets and trowsers, and black belts. They were particularly clean and neat in their dress, and their accoutrements well fitted, reflecting great credit on their officers and on themselves. Many of their jackets were two years old; still they were not ragged, as I am sorry to say many of the British were after one year's wear. Our people really do not take the

care of their clothes which the Portuguese do, and are too prone to sell them for that cursed spirit *aquadent*, as they call it.

A regiment of the line followed the caçadores, in chakoes with a blue and white tuft, blue jackets, white facings, and white belts; their appearance was inferior to that of the caçadores, but very respectable. The rank of the officers was distinguished by the colonel wearing two bullion epaulettes, (in the line of gold, in the militia of silver) the lieut.-colonel by a bullion epaulette on the right shoulder and a fringe one on the left, the major *vice versa*, captains by two fringe epaulettes, lieutenants and ensigns by one on the right or left shoulders. In the highest ranks a field-marshal has his collar, cuffs, breast, and epaulettes covered with embroidery,—a general three rows of embroidery, a lieut.-general two, a major-general cuffs and collar embroidered, a brigadier broad gold lace on the cuff and collar, with stars on his epaulettes.

A regiment of volunteers followed, in brown forage caps and jackets, and well appointed they

were, and such men as those who followed in many a toilsome march, and fought in many a sharp skirmish under the conduct of that distinguished officer, Sir Nicholas Trant.

A regiment of Belgians next appeared, with a tall fellow of a tambour-major in a cocked hat and tricolour cockade at their head; they were commanded by the brave Colonel Borso, a Genoese, with a bushy black beard, and wearing the commander's cross of the Tower and Sword. He was shot between the eyes at Oporto, (disdaining ever to lie down to screen himself or his men from shot,) and his recovery was considered miraculous. The Belgians were dressed in blue jackets with yellow belts; and there were Turks and Greeks, Cossacks, Highlanders, and other *savages* in their ranks. There were more desertions from the "Braves Belges" than from any other description of force. Yet Borso had his regiment in good order; his major (Urbansky) was a fine fellow of a Pole, who had lost part of his nose at Warsaw, but had gained an Order of Merit.

The last regiment of Belgians, which arrived a few months ago in Portugal, consists of 800 men well armed and equipped ; the women too attached to each company are all dressed in uniform,—round hats, blue jackets, and dark petticoats, and a small keg suspended from their shoulders. These 800 lusty fellows declined serving, unless they were always kept together ; a part of them refused to disembark at Lisbon until the rest arrived from Oporto, and were loud in their complaints at being separated into two wings of 400 each. I have no patience for this nonsense ; it *may* have been the agreement that they were to serve together, but they ought to have known that they were of much greater use to the cause of Portugal by being separated for a time ; their complaints were childish and ridiculous. If a man enters a foreign service, he ought to be ready to serve every where consistent with honour, or else return home.

After the Belgians marched the French regiment, in blue jackets and red facings ; their tambour-major had on a most enormous bear

skin, and red mustache which he might have tied behind him. The men had the usual martial and fighting appearance of Frenchmen; their officers were picturesquely dressed in brown, blue, and green surtouts, chakoes with red tufts and horizontal peaks, forage caps flat, round, and square, red trowsers and sky blue pantaloons; with hessian boots, long swords and short swords, straight and curved. The French and English officers have always been on excellent terms during the civil war in Portugal, and the French regiment has highly distinguished itself at Oporto and in the field; but there is still the old Peninsular leaven in the men; they both ravished and plundered. Thus the fuzileers occupied the village of Villa Nova, near Cartaxo, for some time; at first the inhabitants viewed them with apprehension, but the men so ingratiated themselves with the poor people, assisting them in their gardens, cleaning their houses, &c., that there were many tears shed when the order came for change of quarters. The French relieved them, and they immediately commenced plun-

dering the men and ravishing the women. I saw one poor woman in a dying state from the ill usage she had received after the battle of Almoester, and heard of several more. Young girls were for nights in the fields to conceal themselves; and the men were beaten and stripped to their shirts. The French soldiers excused themselves to some British officers, by saying that the people of Villa Nova were Miguelites, and deserved what they had got. The contrary was the fact; they had been most civil to the fuzileers, and had liberally supplied them to the utmost of their ability.

The artillery was very well found in mules, and was in good order, though the queen's artillery-men had not the character of being such good marksmen as Don Miguel's; these last also used a strange sort of ball, made of a composition of zinc for want of iron, which splintered in a destructive manner when it struck any hard substance. Saldanha's artillery consisted of four 5½-inch howitzers, six 9-pounders, six of 6, two of 3, and three rocket frames. Artillery-men

230, conductors 190, and mules 302. The ammunition of the infantry was also carried on mules, each having 2,000 ball cartridges in cases.

At this review there was no British infantry, as they were too distant to appear at it; the British grenadiers (470) and the queen's Irish (239) lay at Atalia, four miles from Cartaxo on the extreme left of the position. These two regiments had Colonel Dodgin, C.B. (an old and experienced officer) the Brigadier Godfrey (a very clever officer) lieutenant-colonel of the English, and Honnor of the Irish. These two regiments were much in want of new clothing, having old blue jackets with red facings. Many of the officers were good men and would have done credit to any service; others could have been spared with advantage to the cause. Three London policemen came out with commissions to serve with the British troops, and a good drill who had murdered a friend in cold blood at Rio Janeiro; there were besides these, some most determined villains in the shape of officers who joined the Liberating army from England,—swin-

dlers, liars, drunkards, and duellists ; but a great many of these returned from whence they came, after a short probation. Though many of the men of the English and Irish regiments were given to drink and to selling their necessaries, yet they always showed in action that they were made of "the right stuff," and delighted in nothing more than a regular set-to with the enemy, going at the work with heart and hand. One of these fighting devils, wandering from his quarters, was surrounded by a Portuguese picket ; he seized a musket, clubbed it, swore he would not be taken alive, commenced laying about him, put his six opponents to flight, and made his escape.

The British soldiers are to get land, or £40 in money, at the end of the war ; on this subject I shall speak more at length presently.

Besides the chiefs formerly mentioned with Saldanha's army, there were Brigadiers-General Breto, Schwalbach, and Bento da Franca, Colonel Xavier (noted for bravery) commanding the reserve, Colonel Pementel quartermaster-gene-

ral, and Colonel Pedro Paulo de Souza adjutant-general.

From the review, the envoy rode with Saldanha, &c., to the Ponté Asseca to hold a conference with Don Miguel's commander-in-chief, Lemos, and propose terms to his master. Mr. Grant, secretary of legation, had previously been sent into Santarem with a flag of truce, when he remarked that the lines of defence, batteries, and barricades were very strong; but failing to communicate personally with Miguel, it was agreed that General Lemos should give the envoy an interview on the causeway leading to Santarem.

The heights and batteries, both on the Santarem and Cartaxo side of the Ponté Asseca, were immediately crowded with eager spectators, and on the distant hills of Santarem we saw a Miguelite force drawn up, and could hear the bells of the churches. General Lemos descended from the battery commanding the causeway, and advanced on horseback to meet Lord Howard (who was dressed in plain clothes) and Saldanha. The two commanders cordially shook hands.

Lemos is a short and stout man, was raised from the ranks, and is a brave soldier. Saldanha afterwards mentioned the nature of the conference, which lasted half an hour.

Lord Howard said, that he was empowered by Don Pedro, &c., to offer these terms :—first, that Don Miguel should leave Portugal on a pension of 300,000 francs per annum. Second, that an amnesty was offered to all his followers who would abandon his cause, that their property should not be confiscated, and the officers should retain their half-pay and rank of 1828. That if these terms were not complied with, an army of 10,000 Spaniards in three divisions, was ready to march into Portugal with money in their pockets to pay their way, and to put Donna Maria's government to no expense. Don Carlos being in Portugal, it was intended that the Spaniards should act against him as well as against Miguel, for their party and cause were the same. “I have just seen,” continued Lord Howard, “the excellent condition of the queen's army, and I believe you have little chance of

success if you prosecute the war; but even supposing that by any accident the army of the queen was to be annihilated, still England and France are pledged never to allow Don Miguel to be King of Portugal." General Lemos answered that he was sorry the differences between the contending parties could not be settled, and added that he was afraid to mention the hard terms proposed to his master. Thus ended the conference, and the war continued.

"Ah monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of glory would ye fret;
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and man be happy yet."

CHAPTER VI.

Don Miguel determines to force his Way to Lisbon—Army at Santarem reinforced—Saldanha's Position—Lemos marches to attack it—Battle of Almoester commences at the Bridges Celleiro and Asseca—Dispositions of Saldanha—Movement of the Right Wing of Lemos—Saldanha's Generalship—The Battle-field described—The Miguelites gain the Heights of Santa Maria—Are repulsed—Dreadful Slaughter—The Left Wing of Lemos also beaten—Cavalry Charge—Why the Enemy's Artillery was not captured—Amount of Loss—The Field after the Action—The British Officers who served with Donna Maria's Army—Their Grievances—Will be redressed by Don Pedro and the Government.

ON the 18th of February was fought the battle of Almoester. Disease had begun to thin the ranks of Miguel at Santarem: typhus had already carried off some hundreds of his followers, and he was determined to make a desperate effort to break through the position of Saldanha on the

table-land of Cartaxo, and then force his way to Lisbon.

Reinforces were collected from the Alemtejo, from Coimbra, and from the neighbourhood of Oporto. The spirits of the troops were raised by an issue of pay, by the report industriously circulated among them that a new fleet had been engaged by Miguel in England, to make up for the loss of the one which had been *sold* to Napier, and they were assured that the moment Count Saldanha's force was attacked, it would retire in disorder to Lisbon.

I have already attempted to describe the position of Saldanha. Three sides of a square table-land five or six miles broad, round the flanks and front of which wind streams generally unfordable, with the valley and hill of Santarem lying to the north-east, and a range of heights extending round to the south-west, where the eye rests on the well-known Monte Junto. Bridges lead across the streams, and steep ascents from the streams to the table-land.

Whilst it was yet dark on the morning of the

18th, the enemy, in force amounting it is supposed to about 12,000 men, marched out of Santarem, and at six, A.M. the pickets of Saldanha at the bridge of Celleiro were fired upon by four pieces of artillery and a howitzer, placed with a force of about 1,000 infantry and two squadrons of cavalry in a grove of olives fronting the bridge.

About noon 3,000 of the enemy advanced towards the Ponté Asseca, and 400 of them being extended as tirailleurs, a sharp fire of musketry was kept up for some hours between them and the force of Brigadier-General Bento da Franca. There was no close fighting here: the Miguelites occupied a line of ditches and bushes, to the left of the bridge principally; while the 13th regiment and a party of the Scotch fuzileers were also extended under cover, and with their fire effectually prevented the enemy crossing the causeway and bridge; and shot and shell from three pieces of artillery and a howitzer planted above the Ponté Asseca, assisted in keeping them in check. From the enemy's battery commanding the causeway, the

Belgian regiment, the remainder of the Scotch fuzileers, and some cavalry were observed to be drawn up as a reserve, when immediately several shells plunged into the columns, and caused them to seek a more sheltered situation. These attacks on the bridges of Asseca and Celleiro were merely intended as feints to distract the attention of Saldanha, and prevent his bringing a larger force to the real point of attack on the left of his position.

At half-past seven in the morning, the main body of the enemy in four strong columns, accompanied with twelve pieces of artillery and several hundred cavalry, were observed to circle round to the left of Saldanha's position, keeping the high ground by the Ponté Calharis and generally concealed by the trees. It was yet unapparent which was the real point of attack; but Saldanha, fully prepared, had posted reserves at different points, ready to move up as they might be required.

The 1st, 3rd, and 6th infantry were now moved on Atalia, and the ground between Almoester and

Casal do Paul was occupied by the 2d and 12th regiments of caçadores, while eight pieces of artillery and rockets were posted at Casal do Paul,—the three villages being in one line, separated from the enemy's columns by a narrow valley.

At eleven o'clock the glancing arms of the enemy appeared on the heights, (immediately opposite to Almoester,) and a cannonading commenced between the two armies across the valley, accompanied by loud "vivas" for Don Miguel on the part of his troops, while the queen's were not backward in shouting defiance at their foes.

The left wing of the enemy and some guns remained at Villa Nova; skirmishers being thrown out, they engaged the troops opposite to them at Almoester, while seven regiments of Miguelite infantry, the cavalry, and the remainder of the artillery passed on towards the road leading across the valley to Santa Maria. To watch their movements, five regiments of the queen's infantry, part of the lancers and of the 10th and 11th regiments of cavalry, moved parallel to

them on the heights of Almoester,—like two ships of war trying to gain the weather-gage of each other.

It was at this period of the action, that the generalship of Saldanha was shown; he knew well that if he displayed his whole force, (which however was much inferior to the enemy,) and made a great show of resistance to any attempt at surmounting the heights on which he stood, that distant firing would leave the contest, for that day at least, doubtful, and that there would be no decided advantage gained by either side. He therefore said to his staff, “Let them cross; we’ll beat them on our own ground.”

Let us shortly describe this picturesque ground, this beautiful battle-field, so admirably fitted for making an interesting picture. We stand on the heath looking towards the west, and below us we see the village of Santa Maria with its old-fashioned church and belfry tower; to the right a windmill,—and here (concealed from view) lie Almoester and Casal do Paul. To the left, the ground rises higher, and there are two

or three houses with a grove of olive trees near them.

Extending our view beyond Santa Maria, we trace a descending wooded road to a small bridge leading over a stream generally fordable, and shaded by trees and shrubs, amongst which rise tall poplars; beyond the bridge is a narrow valley. Two hills are opposite to us, on whose sides are scattered trees, and on whose summits is supposed to be the Miguelite artillery, vomiting forth fire and smoke, and ploughing up the ground with shot about our point of view.

The enemy's columns descended the opposite heights, leaving two regiments on the acclivities as a reserve; the remaining five made for the bridge of Santa Maria which they crossed, and feeling their way with their flankers and skirmishers, ascended to the left of Saldanha's force, and drawing up in column beside the olive grove, deployed a regiment and poured a murderous fire on the 2nd and 12th caçadores advancing to turn their right flank, and the 1st, 3rd, and 6th regiments attacking them in front. The enemy

bravely resisted for some time ; volley succeeded volley, and bullets with angry whistle flew fast and thick through the air ; but as the queen's troops continued to advance, headed by the brave Colonel Queroz of the caçadores, and old General Brito commanding the three regiments of the line, the Miguelites at last became panic-struck, their fire slackened, and falling into disorder, they broke their ranks and ran down the hill to escape by the bridge, to their artillery and reserve.

Two companies of caçadores had been posted to intercept them, the lancers galloped from the left towards the bridge to assist in cutting them off, while the corps which had defeated them followed them close, loading and firing at the unfortunate Miguelites in full and disorderly retreat.

Saldanha, "brave comme son épée," and his staff appeared on the left, on the ground which the enemy had just quitted ; while rebel tirailleurs lined the banks of the stream to cover the retreat of their discomfited comrades. The carnage was dreadful : the heath had been well strewn with

the bodies of the queen's troops; the artillery on the heights, and the enemy's infantry had done considerable execution among the blue and white cockades; but three standards of the Miguelites had fallen into the possession of the queen's troops, and the road leading to the bridge and the fields beside it were strewn with bodies, as if carts of corn-sheaves had been emptied and their loads scattered every where.

Whilst these operations were going on with the right wing of the enemy, their left was not idle; but a part of it pushing down after the skirmishers toward the bridge of Almoster and the Quinta de Moura, attempted to ascend the heights occupied by part of the British grenadiers, queen's Irish, 9th infantry, and 10th caçadores. Our countrymen had been ordered to pile arms, and to wait till their services were required; they burned with impatience to engage the enemy, and the moment the first gun was directed against them, they started up without word of command and ran to their arms. They and the Portuguese met the advancing enemy,

and firing a volley, drove them down the hill and hotly pursued them. Part of the French also nobly assisted in the discomfiture of the enemy, among whom it is said there were a regiment of Carlist Spaniards.

The route of the right wing continued along the road and up the steep ascent leading from the bridge of Santa Maria and between the two hills, where was planted the enemy's artillery. The sun was now declining behind Monte Junto, when the lancers and caçadores in pursuit reached the heights of Villa Nova. General Lemos immediately detached 200 horse from his right, which wheeled round and attacked the caçadores, who throwing themselves behind a stone wall kept up a sharp fire on the cavalry; whilst General Bacon, with 80 troopers only, vigorously charged the enemy's horse, and drove them from the field with great slaughter.

It was now night, and with darkness ceased the firing. The shouts of the victorious queen's troops were mingled with the shrieks of the wounded and feeble groans of the dying.

The enemy, foiled in all his attempts to storm the position of Saldanha, and beaten back to his own ground, hurried towards Santarem; but his artillery ought to have fallen into the hands of Saldanha. At one time it was actually abandoned; but seeing it was not taken, Lemos withdrew the whole of it.

The ground between Almoester and Santarem had not been sufficiently reconnoitred before hand; its difficulties were not known, nor was it imagined how easy it might have been to intercept the artillery on its retreat. Saldanha's staff was selected, not for superior military knowledge, but for a knowledge of languages, for knowing French and English, and for being able to communicate with the foreign auxiliaries; therefore the staff officers in the queen's service were not conversant with ground and the means of taking advantage of it, but they did their duty otherwise bravely; and Portuguese and foreign auxiliaries, emulous of distinguishing themselves, achieved a glorious victory and crowned the arms of the queen with fresh laurels.

The loss of the Liberating army in killed, wounded, and missing, was about 400, including 30 officers: that of the rebels more than double that number, with 230 prisoners, 3 standards, and 2 ammunition carts.

“Freedom divine! we hail our God,
Thy courts, by tyrant never trod;
Thy home, thy rest, the battle sod
Moist with the blood of slavery.”

A few weeks after the battle, I rode over the ground. The heath was ploughed by the traces of shot and shell, and bullet-marks were “thick” on the olive trees. It was a calm evening, and the cry of a solitary partridge was alone heard where war’s dread engines had lately pealed the knell of departing spirits, and the grey smoke had covered the mutilated bodies as with a pall.

I rode down by the wooded road to the single-arch bridge; there were long trenches of newly turned earth by the way side; the dry sandy bed of the stream was raised in heaps, and the mule started and snuffed the air, still tainted with the smell of the slain.

In scrambling up the steep ascent, along which the hot pursuit took place, at every step was cartridge paper, pieces of uniform, shoes, and caps shot through. A colonel and a captain of the Miguelite infantry lay in a hollow on the hill side,—a far more desirable resting-place with the fresh breeze blowing round them and wild flowers decking their simple tomb, than a marble sepulchre in a crowded city,—always excepting Westminster Abbey with its glorious dead.

On the level field, where the cavalry charges took place, the tails of horses lay, and skeletons cleaned by the shepherd's dog and the wolf. The wheel-marks of the artillery led to Santarem.

Since my return from Portugal, I have been often annoyed to hear those of our countrymen who have served in the cause of liberty under the banners of Donna Maria, sneered at as adventurers, often considered as men of desperate fortunes, and even regarded as serving merely for plunder and prize-money. I stated before, that several have gone out to Portugal in the capacity of officers, answering this description,—

men without a spark of honour in their composition, immoral and depraved, and some who would not scruple to rob their own men of their pay and rations; but it was not long before the true character of these worthies was discovered, and most of them have been summarily *chasséed*, or have taken themselves off.

Suppose a youth of respectable family, unable to get a commission in this country, (and many there are who with money lodged have waited in vain for an ensigncy, for six years); he sees before him a prospect of engaging in the military profession, and of gaining a knowledge of that honourable profession, not merely on a drill-ground, but also in the field before an enemy; he hears too of a usurper who has violated his solemn promises and oaths, and seized a crown to which he has no title, and who enslaves and rules with his leaden sceptre of ignorance a people inhabiting one of the most favoured countries, in point of soil and climate, on earth, and a people who have many most excellent qualities; he burns with enthusiasm to enter a service which

will initiate him into the profession of his choice, and will enable him to assist in restoring a queen and suffering people to their rights. And is this youth to be taunted with being a mere adventurer? It is not to be borne.

Again, suppose an officer on half-pay of the British service, without a prospect of being actively engaged in fighting his country's battles,—without much money or interest to advance himself, or be usefully employed under the Lion Standard of England; he sees a contest going on for constitutional liberty in Portugal, he sees armaments fitted out in his own country to assist the cause of a queen who is acknowledged by England, and who is the rightful heir to the throne of England's ancient ally; is he to be sneered at for engaging in the service of this queen, for fighting her battles, for despising to remain listlessly at a watering-place, neither useful nor ornamental to society? The thing is impossible. I for one profess to honour and respect those who, freeing themselves from idle scoffers at home, at all times act up to the advice of him

who, I am proud to say, was once my chief and patron, the late distinguished Governor of Madras, Sir Thomas Monro,—“Do what is right, and never mind the clamour.”

However, officers serving with British ships or regiments ought always to bear in mind that they have no business with politics in any shape; their duty being to serve their king and country faithfully, without in the least “mixing themselves up” with the proceedings of any party, except *that* which is determined to advance the glory of the nation.—

“I should be glad to drink your honour’s health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But, for my part, I never love to meddle

With politics, sir.”

It will now be asked, what have British officers got for serving the Queen of Portugal? Have they been well treated, and what are their prospects? The officers of the navy and the lancers have generally been well used by the Liberal government; but those of the British infantry had certainly many grievances before the termi-

nation of the war. Thus, a contract was entered into with them as with the others, that they should receive British pay and table-money during the continuance of the war ; and a gratuity (according to rank) was secured to them, when their services should no longer be required, of two years' British pay ; and of four years' to such as held British commissions, to indemnify them for the risk they incurred in losing these. However, at the end of 1833, arrears of nine, twelve, and eighteen months were due to many British infantry officers.

On urgent application being made to the government to fulfil the contract, pay up arrears, &c., the reply was—it had not the power, which was perhaps very true ; and a new contract was proposed, which was (on condition of paying up arrears) to substitute Portuguese for British pay, with the addition of 20 per cent ; thus lieutenants getting about 3s. a-day and rations, instead of 7s. : also, for the officers to receive at the end of the war as many months of Portuguese pay as they had been in the service. The officers reluctantly

agreed to this, but up to the 1st of May they had not got any of their former arrears. This was very hard, as they had made great sacrifices for the government.

But another great grievance they had, was the partial manner in which decorations had been distributed. The Portuguese officers and men, the Belgians, French, the lancers, the navy,—all were liberally decorated; not so the British infantry. At the reviews I was surprised to see nothing else in the shape of decoration among the three British regiments, than a few Waterloo ribands; whilst the blue riband and buckle of the Tower and Sword was every where observed among the other corps. Recalling to mind the eminent services of the British infantry at Oporto, I was struck with this unlooked-for sight. Men who had suffered the most severe privations,—who had ever been most forward in exposing themselves in the service of the queen, the very men who had raised a barrier with their wounded bodies against the hordes of Miguelites,—particularly on that bloody day, the 29th of September,

1832,—and whose comrades had laid down their lives to save the tottering cause on that memorable occasion, besides in various other most severe encounters with overwhelming numbers of the enemy,—to be passed over unhonoured and unnoticed was really too hard to be endured. I immediately asked what was the cause of this? Were the officers to blame, or the government, or both?

Some officers absurdly enough affect to despise decorations; those who do so are no soldiers, or at any rate they feel their utter incapacity ever to acquire honorary distinctions; and therefore they pretend to despise an honourable badge of merit. The queen's government could not have supposed that the British infantry officers despised Portuguese orders, for they made frequent application for them, and would have been proud to wear them. Why did they not get them then? The only answer I can give is this: there were foolish jealousies among different British officers; there was a want of union among them; there was the want

of a leader,—of one leader to whom they could look, such as the active, intrepid, and intelligent Colonel Hodges was, at Oporto. All these things contributed to bring about the ill usage complained of.

It appears to me, as I stated in another place, that the government of the queen has had such heavy drains upon its exchequer, that it is surprising and almost unaccountable how it has been able to do so much as it has done to satisfy pecuniary claims. With *time*, it is to be hoped that all the just claims of the British infantry officers will be fully satisfied; for there is not a question but that without British infantry, Don Pedro could neither have taken Oporto nor held it one month; his occupation of Lisbon was the consequence of the capture of the Miguelite fleet by the gallant Napier. Not that I at all mean or intend to disparage Portuguese troops; they fought well and bravely, but must have and ought to have scruples about the slaughtering of their countrymen,—their brothers,—which foreign

auxiliaries could not have had: thus Lucan says of the civil wars of Rome;—

“Bella nullos habitura triumphos;”

that victory over fellow-citizens was a cause for sorrow rather than triumph.

Don Pedro and his advisers showed their good sense in the employment of British auxiliaries in the first instance; and in the eyes of Europe, they cannot now appear ungrateful for the eminent service rendered the cause of Donna Maria by our countrymen.

CHAPTER VII.

The Emperor arrives at Cartaxo—An unexpected Salute—Author is presented to Don Pedro—Colonel Wylde, R.A.—Outpost Scenes—Character of Miguelites—Memorandum—A Field-day of the Scotch Fuzileers—The Belgian March—A Soldier “malgré lui”—Liberating Pickpockets—A grand Entertainment at the Field Marshal’s—A Highland Juggler—A Portuguese Dalgetty—Tables of Russian and Portuguese Commanders compared—Veterans versus Fair Sex—A Skirmish with the Enemy.

HIS Imperial Majesty the Duke de Braganza arrived one afternoon at Cartaxo, to see the condition of the troops. They were assembled in brigades at different parts of the position; and the emperor and his staff rode round to inspect them. Don Pedro looked ill on this occasion; he was troubled with a spitting of blood, and could not sleep at night; but he was well dressed in cocked hat and embroidered blue coat, and

splendid gold and crimson sash. Mortier, the French minister, was with him, in a rich diplomatic dress, while Saldanha appeared in his favourite gold-laced forage cap and blue surtout.

If any thing could have restored the emperor to good health and put him in a pleasant humour, it was the excellent appearance of the troops this day. Jackets, arms, and accoutrements were very clean, and the men were all in white trowsers. In moving towards a regiment of volunteers to say something complimentary to the commandant, the emperor was met by the horse of the colonel, which reared up and struck out at him with its fore feet, roaring and snorting, and then wheeling round suddenly, nearly unhorsed him by backing against him. The poor colonel lost (not his seat, but) a laudatory address ; "his face was blackened," while the emperor galloped off to a safe distance.

I was presented to Don Pedro by Saldanha on the field of Almoester, and after his Imperial Majesty had made some inquiries about my movements, Colonel Wylde, R. A., the new

British commissioner, was introduced. Not content with seeing the troops in review-order, the colonel, like an old soldier, rode quietly round the out-posts and pickets to see if all was right there, for which he got credit from the field-marshal.

Some countrywomen were drawn up to pay their respects to the emperor, and the eldest of them approached to kiss his hand; but he waved her aside and rode off, intimating, I suppose, that he was not the sovereign of Portugal.

In wandering about the heights opposite to Santarem, where the regiments were hutted under pine branches, rushes, and aloe-leaves, it was absurd to hear the advanced sentries shouting to one another, and abusing the respective leaders; then a cavalry soldier of the enemy would be seen moving about uneasily at his post on the plain, and seemingly calculating how he could desert at night. A follower of the camp is observed to be grazing his mule near the advanced sentries,—some rich pasture tempts him beyond the bounds of discretion, and three or four of the Miguelite cavalry are seen to be

stealing down upon him by a wooded lane,—those on the look out on the heights shout to him to beware,—he tries to escape, but is intercepted,—whilst the cavalry picket mounts to rescue him, and the infantry rush through the water of the Rio Mayor and fire in vain after the fugitives, who, laughing in derision, get clear off with their prize.

Yet few of the Miguelites deserted; and as to fighting, there were some fidalgos even in the ranks, who showed themselves to be as brave as the heroes of old, and the others were no cowards. Solignac, when he took command of the Liberating army at Oporto, despised the Miguelites at first; but in the end he used to applaud them, and was even loud in their praise. Like the Portuguese in general, they fought well, if well led; and even when worsted and retiring, if called on to return and advance to the charge, they did not hesitate to do so. Now few troops when once fairly beaten, face about immediately afterwards to recover the ground they have lost; but the Miguelites have done this frequently. At

this period of the contest they laboured under great disadvantages, for they were on short commons, disease was among them, and their best officers had all been killed.

The Pedroites had a becoming respect for their opponents, after the experience they had of them at Oporto. The Miguelites were famous for entrenching themselves to the eyes, (like my old acquaintances the Burmans); behind their defences they would fight like devils, and if driven from one line of trenches, another would be found in the rear of it.

Memorandum for the field :—the safest place is near the muzzles of the muskets in front of you ; in skirmishing if one hangs back, he gets into a cross fire, and instead of one muzzle he has three pointed at him ; also for leading on men to an assault, the best rule is certainly this,—

“ You should but give few cartridges to such

Troops as are meant to march with greatest glory on ;
When matters must be carried by the touch

Of the bright bayonet, and they all should hurry on,
They sometimes, with a hankering for existence,
Keep merely firing at a foolish distance.”

I was much pleased with the service-like manner in which the Scotch fuzileers were drilled; showy parade movements were discarded, and no manœuvres were practised but those which could be really of use in the field. Pains were taken also to explain to the officers and men, simply and shortly, the intention of different movements; they thus clearly understood what they were about, and entered into the spirit of the drill.

For my military readers, I beg to give an outline of a field-day of the Scotch fuzileers. The regiment was marched to its ground; the ranks were opened in open column and packs taken off; the companies were wheeled into line; the regiment advanced, then retired, officers commanding companies behind centre of (original) front rank; (supernumeraries, on all occasions, in two ranks; thus the reverse flank of a close column never looked ragged, as it generally does). The regiment is halted and fronted; square is formed on the two centre companies,—“Inwards and rear, form four deep; right and left shoulders for-

ward!" Deploy at the double march; "close column on the grenadiers!" Column advances at the double towards a defile,—halts; cavalry is supposed to be advancing to attack it; "the column will fire by companies from the rear!" the seven front companies immediately kneel, and the light company fires over them and loads; then No. 7 gives its fire, and all in succession; only the grenadiers reserve their fire, and remain kneeling with fixed bayonets. This manœuvre was new to me, but I have no doubt of its utility in routing an enemy, as it is founded on experience. However, it requires all hands to be very steady in firing over one another's heads.

The column deploys; "the line will retire covered by the light company!" the officer of which immediately gives the word "six paces to the rear,—right face,—double,—march,—extend!" The men extend behind the line and lie down on their bellies, concealed by the long grass and bushes; the line retires over the skirmishers; the enemy advances, and is met by the unexpected and sharp fire of the light company;

the line halts, the bugle sounds the recal for the skirmishers; they run through the line, (and not round the flanks as usual,) form in the rear, and take their place on the left; the line fires a volley and advances to the charge,—pipes playing,—men cheering. Enemy is “smitten hip and thigh.”

Whilst the regiment was engaged with its field-day, the defaulters were drilled with packs on, in some heavy sand immediately in front of the rest. The word for them was, “right, or left, shoulders forward,—double !” and no halting; this took the “klockin” out of them.

In loading in two ranks, without the rear rank being hampered with the packs of the front, the rear rank men of the Scotch fuzileers turned completely round on the left leg, leant forward on the right—butt against the left foot, loaded conveniently, faced to the front, and fired.

The caçadores drilled almost entirely with the sound of the bugle, the commanding officer’s voice being hardly ever heard. I used to be awoke in the morning by the Belgians marching to their rendezvous an hour before daylight, their drums

joining their excellent bugles at every second bar of the music: the effect was excellent.

One evening there came to the quarters of Colonel Shaw a miserable-looking creature in the shape of a soldier, who had "weaver" written legibly on his face; besides, he was in that unhappy state which in Scotch is known by the term "greetin fou," (crying drunk).

"Oh sir!" said he to the commanding officer; "I'm very distressed in my mind, and I've got something to say to ye, cornel."

"Well, well; go to your tent now, get a sleep, and I'll speak to you to-morrow."

Next day the colonel saw the "bodie" sitting very disconsolately on a bank; he went up to him and said, "What is it you want to tell me?"

"Sir, I'm a weaver to my trade, frae Glasgow, and my name is Sandy Mac Gregor, sir; six months sin syne, a ship was lying in the Clyde, and some o' my freends were in her, listed for Don Pedro. I jist gaed aboard o' her to hae a parting glass, and when I was sittin below wi' the lads, haeing a bit crack like for the last time, up

gaed the anchor and awa' we sailed for Portigale, and here am I a sodger, sir. God kens I had nae thought o' being a sodger whan I gaed into the ship; I thought I wad hae lived and dee'd in the Gallowgate;—no that I'm a coward, sir, (though I'm a weaver,) or am I feared for the feghtin. No, no; but I left a wife and seven bairns at hame, sir, and oh! they hang heavy at my heart, and I canna sleep at nicht thinkin o' them and what they'll do for the schullin (schooling), and me here. I want to write to them to tell them that I'm here and living, and expect to see them again when we pit Mac Doual (Miguel) out o' the way. I was fou yesterday, sir, I'll alloo that, (what for should I tell ye a lee?) but unless I hae a drap o' drink in me, I hae nae spunk to speak to ony body, for oh! the wife and bairns hang heavy at my heart."

Poor Sandy Mac Gregor's case was not a singular one during this civil war in Portugal. Ten London pickpockets went on board one of the ships to plunder the recruits for the queen; and whilst they were plying their trade below, sail

was made, and away astonished pickpockets and all steered to join the Liberating army.

On the 4th of April there were grand reviews and an entertainment given by the field-marshal to the generals, to the staff, and to field-officers of corps, in honour of the queen's birth-day.

The party from Val, headed by General Bento da Franca, rode into Cartaxo under a blazing sun, and in clouds of dust ; while a fuzilade was heard at the advanced post of Matto Quatro, arising from an attempt made by some of the Miguelite cavalry to carry off a herd of bullocks. We dismounted opposite Count Saldanha's quarters, and the group of military in the street was very picturesque ; there was a good sprinkling of orders on the blue, red, and brown uniforms, and as much hair on the faces of the officers as would have stuffed a large mattress ; admiring peasants leaning on their long staves surrounded us.

To many of the Portuguese, the Highland dress is new and very strange. On one occasion, when an officer was dressed in the tartans, a caçadore captain asked another what it meant? The

answer was, that the general had got a harlequin to amuse him, a sort of Malabar, to swallow a sword and play other antics. The querist afterwards meeting the Highlander in a room, went up to him and said, "I understand you can play a number of tricks; I wish you would show me some of them."

"Play tricks! what do you mean?"

"Why, swallow a sword, and so forth."

"What do you take me for? Do you want to insult me?" An explanation and a hearty laugh ensued.

We entered the quarters of Saldanha, and found the field-marshal glittering with decorations, amongst which were some English ones. The dinner was excellent; cooks, choice viands and wines, plate, cut glass, and even alabaster figures for bouquets on dessert frames, had been sent up from Lisbon for the occasion. The officers plied their knives and forks vigorously, and whole columns of savoury dishes were in a short time put to the route. A lanky major laid in provant for a week at least; every thing within

his reach fell before him ; it was quite the same what he ate first,—soup after meat, and fish after sweatmeats, disappeared “quite promiscuously.”

The servants were well drilled and most attentive ; so much so, that if there was a cessation of eating for an instant and the head was turned to speak to one’s next neighbour, the half-cleared plate was “whipped up,” and another substituted like lightning.

Unlike at the entertainments of Diebitch on the further side of the Balcan, where every tongue was silent and the warning went round “Hush ! the marshal speaks,”—at Saldanha’s table there was a great deal of lively conversation, particularly when a battery of bottles was opened, after the solids had been disposed of.

“The feast being ended, the liquors they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.”

Speeches were made, and poetry recited in honour of the occasion, and great enthusiasm was displayed for the queen, for Don Pedro, and par-

ticularly for the Carta Constitucional ; also for the *re-union* of all the military of Portugal.

When we went below for our hats and swords, a regular skirmish ensued. Certain ladies had introduced themselves into the lower apartment, and from the laughing, squalling, and saluting which ensued, the grey-haired veterans in particular showed that

“Still in their ashes lived their ancient fires.”

I now conclude this chapter, with a skirmish of a different sort to the foregoing. After the battle of Almoester, the enemy remained tolerably quiet for some time ; however, again they bestirred themselves, and since the attack on the left of Saldanha's position had failed, they seemed inclined to try to turn the right also. In April, parties of cavalry and infantry used to pass a ford of the Tagus, and advance into the plain opposite the Quinta da Ribeira, and there engage the queen's troops : one of these skirmishes may serve as a specimen.

Colonel Shaw and myself had been visiting the

field-marshal in Cartaxo, and in returning we went to an eminence where there were some artillery commanding a part of the plain of the Tagus. We observed some unusual excitement among the artillery-men,—breeches of guns uncovered, lighted matches, &c., and we hastened to inquire the cause of these preparations? A telescope was handed to us, and on looking through it towards the wooded banks of the Tagus, we saw a strong party of Miguelite cavalry and infantry crossing the river opposite to where we stood. We also observed on the plain immediately below us, a party of the queen's lancers, not advancing directly towards the enemy, but obliqueing slowly to the right of them, and apparently wishing to avoid them; this was very provoking, for the infantry was in motion to support the lancers, if required. We immediately ran down the hill, leading our horses, mounted, crossed a bridge over the Rio Mayor, and found General Bento da Franca reconnoitring with his glass, while the banks of the river were lined with light infantry lying on their bellies in extended ranks, and

hammering their flints. The colonel got permission from the general to lead the cavalry directly to the enemy, and engage them ; we galloped after the lancers and turned them in the proper direction, their commander (not an Englishman) saying that he thought the enemy would be looking after some *porcos* at a farm to the right, where he meant to surprise them !

The enemy was concealed from our view by the trees, and a sharp fire commencing between them and some mounted guerillas, (strapping fellows in broad-brimmed hats, brown jackets, and red sashes,) the colonel and myself left the lancers to trot on, and requiring an orderly, out dashed from the ranks the English pugilist, the Game Chicken, now a sergeant in the queen's lancers, saying, "I'll follow you, colonel," and we galloped down to reconnoitre the strength and position of the enemy.

They were driven over the river ; and as we showed ourselves on the bank, we were received by a sharp fire which cut the willow-trees round us. We galloped to some carabineers, hoping

that they would dismount and cover with their fire-arms the lancers crossing the ford. The firing still continued, accompanied with tremendous shouts and yells. I thought that great execution had been done, and went to a clump of trees from which a loud noise proceeded, and found it was merely the Portuguese lancers abusing the enemy at the top of their voices. The Game Chicken also was not backward in this species of combat; for charging to the front and along the exposed bank, standing in his stirrups and waving the pennon of his lance in defiance, he shouted out "Venha ca! (come over here) filhos de puta, and we'll give you what you got at Torres Novas!" But the enemy declined the kind invitation, returning shots and abuse from the opposite side, and sending a ball through the neck of the horse rode by the officer of the picket. We then rode up to a party of the lancers drawn up in sand, to see if the ford could be attempted; when one of the queen's (being perhaps half drunk) mistaking us for Miguelites, set his lance in rest and charged us furiously, seemingly

determined to run both the colonel and myself through at one thrust. Luckily the sand was heavy, and the colonel, lifting up a horse-whip, roared out, "You d—d rascal, what are you about?" when the point of the lance was turned aside, and an excuse muttered for the mistake. After some more expenditure of powder and abuse, the Miguelites calling out to their Pedroite brethren, "Send away your foreigners, and we'll show you how we'll thrash you," the general ordered the lancers to retire, and after being collected they returned to their quarters.

CHAPTER VIII.

Leave Cartaxo for Lisbon—The Author is Flea'd again—Anecdote—Beautiful Prospect—Viscount Cape St. Vincent—The Naval Arsenal—The Admiral described—His Excellency's Northern Expedition—Takes Caminha, Valença, Viana—Dine with the Admiral—He is made a Count—Fleet of the Queen—Prospects of Prize-money—Admiral Sartorius—Brilliant Action of the 5th of July, 1833—A Naval Speech—Cholera—Judicious Conduct of Admiral Napier—Expedition to Algarve—Curious Escape of a Prisoner—The British Squadron—More Murders—Political Assassinations—Summary Justice on four Guerillas—Revenge—Pleasure Parties and Quintas—Evening Parties at Lisbon—Grand Ball at the Most Illustrious and Excellent Senhor Sebastian Botelho's.

THERE being no prospect of any more active operations before Santarem, and Miguel being daily expected to make what in Scotch is termed a "moonlight flittin," I set off with a couple of

mules for Lisbon, expecting to find those with whom I had business arrived there.

Colonel Shaw's lusty servant, Griffin, one of the *half-starved* soldiers of the queen, under whose corporation a mule waddled along with difficulty, was my attendant. We journeyed to Villa Franca, there intending to sleep, and from thence to take boat for Lisbon. I say intending to sleep, for it was really a mere attempt; the fleas in the hospoderia were beyond belief intolerable,—floor, bed, and walls teemed with them. I heard every hour strike by the town-clock, and the post-mules hurrying past several times in the night with a heavy clang of bells attached to their necks.

I must revenge myself by giving one more anecdote of fleas. Can nothing shame the lower classes of Portuguese into sweeping their houses, and getting rid of a detestable plague? A Moses has not stretched forth his hand over the land and smitten it, though alas! its waters have been long turned into blood. An old fellow used to frequent a barber's shop in Lisbon, where he went

to talk with the customers on the news of the day, and he was asked once how he spent his time. "My great object," he answered, "is to kill the day. After I get up in the morning, I go to mass for a little, come home and have my breakfast; then sleep a little, talk with my friends here, go home, *kill my fleas*, and go to bed."

It was very refreshing to stretch out into the broad river in a boat after the torments of Villa Franca, and to glide down the stream with a gentle breeze filling the high lateen sails. The view on our right hand was very agreeable:—verdant hills with groves of walnut, fig, and olive trees; quintas and their pleasant gardens; villages, and shepherds and their flocks on the grassy slopes; the sky was clear and serene, and the spirits were gladdened with the lovely prospects that were unfolded to us.

"How softly now the vernal gales

Caress the blossoms on the trees;

How bright the glistening vapour sails,

And floats and wantons in the breeze,

Awakes each secret slumbering sense,

The heavenly breath of spring to prize."

Viscount Cape St. Vincent, the gallant Napier, having arrived from his successful expedition to the north, (when Caminha, Valença, Viana, &c., had fallen into his hands) I waited on his excellency, having an introduction to him from his distinguished cousin, the Right Honourable Sir Alexander Johnstone.

I went to the naval arsenal, opposite to which is the curious stone pillar where the nobles used to be executed, and in the principal room, the walls of which were covered with tapestry representing marine subjects, I found clerks busy at long tables; and on looking out at a window, I saw shipwrights and other workmen busily engaged about a line-of-battle ship, and a corvette on the stocks. There was no sleeping over the work here, and there was evidently some master-spirit which kept all hands in active employ.

I was shown into a room where sat the admiral. His excellency is five feet eight in height, spare made, with black hair and whiskers, straight nose, and sallow complexion; his age about fifty. He was dressed in a blue surtout and trowsers, white

vest, socks and shoes, and had a frank off-hand and decided air about him.

The minister of marine (Marjochi) came in,—a tall respectable-looking gentleman. The admiral immediately attacked the minister, to give me information about Africa; to see if in his Bureau there were any documents which could be of use to me. The minister promised, in a day or two, to supply me with what was requisite.

The admiral kept me for a considerable time with him, talking occasionally and getting through a great deal of business; he seemed to be as ready with the pen as with his sword. Opposite the window lay the captured fleet of Miguel, with the Don John, 74, (flag-ship) in first rate order. This must have been at all times a cheering sight to the admiral, must have soothed his mind in difficulties and in the midst of annoyances, and caused him to exult inwardly at achieving a victory, among the most remarkable in the annals of naval warfare; viz. with three frigates, a brig, and a corvette, to capture a dozen vessels of war, and among them ships of the line.

I was amused, hearing from one of the officers who accompanied the admiral on his late expedition, how his excellency had proceeded. Tired with lying in the Tagus, he at last got a reluctant consent from the ministers to set sail with the Don Pedro and a steamer for the north; but he had not long passed Fort St. Julian, before an order of recall was sent after him. Like Nelson putting the telescope to his blind eye when the signal of retreat was hoisted by his superior, so Napier turned a deaf ear to the order of recall, and away he sailed up the coast.

Arrived at Caminha, on the frontier between Spain and Portugal, he landed near the town at night with 320 English and Portuguese marines, and 50 English seamen. He stole up towards Caminha, and made the sentries one after the other prisoners, stopping their mouths by telling them he would shoot them dead on the spot if they made the least noise. In the morning the governor, not being able to get any one to attend to him, was calling over his balcony for the guard, when a Portuguese marine shot him. This was

against the express orders of the admiral, as also was the slaughter of two priests ; but this was the whole loss sustained by either party, for the fort of Caminha, at some distance from the town, surrendered on being summoned.

The admiral and his brigade marched on Valença, a very strong place with a covert-way for musketry, over which heavy batteries "hurtled their iron shower." His excellency thought it necessary to do little of field-engineering here, carried a sap towards the place, and notwithstanding three sorties and a sharp fire from the enemy, which killed and wounded seven of his men, he constructed a battery for four guns and a mortar ; then summoned the place to surrender, saying, that if the garrison did not immediately open the gates, he would send for the Don Pedro frigate and a hundred guns, and blow them to the devil. The terror inspired by the admiral's name deluded the garrison so much, that (forgetting there was no more water in the river than would float a bean-boat, much less a frigate) it surrendered.

The admiral next landed at Viana, and on threatening to put the garrison and people to the sword and sack the town, the militia marched out,—colours flying, drums beating,—and threw down their arms. Figuera was next attempted, but the surf was too heavy to permit a landing. I asked to go with the admiral to witness the fall of this place afterwards, and he took it before the war was over, with a trifling loss.

I dined with Admiral Napier on the night he was made a count by the emperor, and had the pleasure of meeting besides, his very agreeable lady and daughters, his commodore (Reeves), Captain Burt of the marines, Captain Carvalho, (naval aide-de-camp, a very civil gentleman), &c. We had a great deal of lively conversation, and at nine the admiral ordered his carriage and went in the round quaker-hat (which the men called “the conjurer,” for every thing fell before it) to the emperor. As a privileged person, he neither wore sword nor epaulettes.

He came back in an hour, walked up quietly to his wife, and told her the emperor had made

her a countess, had embraced him, and blamed him for not having come sooner to see his imperial majesty after his return from the north. The admiral excused himself on the plea of "hard work till a late hour in the arsenal," which was true, for he worked late and early himself, and made every body under him work, or else "walk the plank."

In May, the fleet of her Most Faithful Majesty consisted of the following ships :—

74, Don John,	Flag-ship, sea-worthy, after repairs in England.
74, St. Vincent,	Coal-ship (sheer hulk), broken backed.
50, Duchess of Braganza,	Weak, but fine frigate, fast sailer ; in commission at St. Ubes.
50, Don Pedro,	Very strong, teak-built ; in commission for general service.
42, Rainha,	(Paid off,) can be repaired in an English yard.
42, Donna Maria,	Ditto.
40, Fifth of July,	(The anniversary of Napier's victory) formerly Martin Feritiez, a coal-ship.
26, Eliza,	Weak, but fast-sailing corvette.
24, Donna Isabel,	Ditto.

- 20, Cacella, . . . Coal-ship, not fit for sea.
- 20, Portuense, . . . Fine, strong, Bahia-built corvette.
- 18, Audax, . . . Fine, stout brig, but very ugly.
- 16, Providenza, . . . Ditto, a perfect rattle-box.
- 18, Villa Flor, . . . Thus described to me by one of her officers : a strong, handsome, and fast-sailing brig ; has been actively employed since the commencement of the war, having been in all the naval actions, and commonly called the " fighting brig."
- 8, Third of July, . . Indifferent.
- 8, Liberal, . . . Neat schooner, not thoroughly repaired.
- 7, Isabella, . . . (Formerly Maria Louisa,) American-built slaving schooner, condemned in Sierra Leone, fitted out in England for Don Miguel.
- 5, Faro, . . . A neat schooner.

ON THE STOCKS.

A line-of-battle ship, and the Galatea (20) perhaps after the admiral's former corvette.

Besides three store-ships,—Calypso, Constantia, Mermaid; the schooners Don Pedro, City of Lisbon, Graciosa, and a beautifully carved and gilt royal yacht.

One hundred and thirty thousand pounds have been allotted to the Queen of Portugal's fleet,

as the value of the Miguelite ships captured in the gallant action of the 5th of July, 1833 ; of which the admiral receives one-eighth, equal to £16,000 ; captains and commanders about £2,000 each ; lieutenants £800 ; surgeons £500 ; midshipmen, &c., £300 ; sailors £200. Besides the above, the officers and men of the queen's fleet are promised a share of captured merchant vessels : to the admiral £4,000 ; to lieutenants £200 ; and to the others in like proportion. But this is not all ; for if the admiral and his officers receive in addition to the above (as per contract) three years' pay at the end of the war, his excellency will net altogether between 30 and £40,000. In vulgar phrase, " We wish he may get it ;" for 3 or £400,000 would not be too much for the man who principally contributed to snatch Portugal from the usurper, and establish the cause of Donna Maria.

It is to be hoped that the strong claims of Admiral Sartorius to the gratitude of the Portuguese will not be overlooked. He organized and prepared the fleet for Napier ; fought most

gallantly with it on several occasions ; sacrificed his rank and pay in the English service for Portugal, and destroyed a bond he had for £10,000 on the government of the queen at a time when her party was distressed for money. Admiral Sartorius is a most accomplished and gentlemanly man ; his claims to remuneration are very strong, and I have no doubt he will reap his reward ; for the present government is daily showing itself to be really a *liberal* one in every sense.

When the enemy's fleet first hove in sight on the 5th of July, the breeze was so light that Admiral Napier could not get near it, and he asked certain steamers to tow him towards the enemy ; the mercenary captains of which said, " Yes, if you will pay us £2,000 each." However, one gallant old fellow, named Wilson (I think), joined the admiral with his steamer without fee or reward, remained near his excellency during the action which ensued, ready to tow him out of it, if it had been requisite to haul off to repair damages ; and was afterwards rewarded with a

share of prize-money and a long brass gun, with which he used to paddle up to the enemy "end on," blaze away, and "back out" again.

A four-knot breeze enabled the queen's squadron to attack the enemy without the assistance of steamers; and as the admiral closed to engage, he called all hands aft on the quarter-deck of the *Rainha*, and pointing to the Miguelite fleet, "Now, my lads," said he, "is'nt that a fine sight? Go to your quarters; I give you half an hour to take them."

His excellency finished his part of the work in half an hour, by flinging himself with his crew on the deck of the *Don John*, and his coadjutors were not backward in aiding him to finish with the rest of the enemy's ships.

Cholera broke out in the fleet after the action, the *Don John* losing 80 men on the voyage to Lisbon from Cape St. Vincent. The patients were laid two and two between the guns in the smaller vessels, and for want of proper medicines, the surgeons bandaged the patients' trunk, legs, and arms, and gave them some

laudanum. In the Villa Flor, ten out of twenty-five were saved in this way.

It ought not to be passed over without notice, the judicious manner in which the admiral conducted himself after capturing the Miguelite fleet. Instead of wounding the feelings of the anti-constitutional party, when he entered the Tagus, by carrying the prize-flag, the blue and white of the queen, over the blue and red of Miguel, he merely hoisted the queen's colours. He also reinstated in command of their vessels, the Miguelite officers who had fought them best; on which some one remarked to him,

“That's not judicious; suppose these men were to turn against you?”

“Well,” says Napier, “we'll fight them again, that's all.”

In an expedition afterwards to Algarve, the admiral mounted some of his men on ponies, with bayonets on poles by way of lances. They rattled over the country at a famous rate, charged the guerillas, and frightened them out of their wits. This accounted for the fondness of his

sailors for riding on horses after their return to Lisbon. The queen's (English) sailors (who were excellently well paid, £2 15s. a month for an A. B.—able bodied,—whilst the A. B's. in the British ships in the Tagus got 36s.) the moment they got liberty to go on shore, hired horses and galloped out to the country to take the air, like gentlemen Jacks.

The admiral sometimes made a triumphal entry to a place, seated on an ass or mule, cocked hat athwart ships, and cutlass by his side. At one of the towns of the Algarve, where the mayor and corporation came off to pay him homage, and had prepared a laurel crown for his excellency, he impatiently called out, whilst waiting in the cabin to receive them, "Come, bear a hand with the ceremony."

At Alcassar do Sal, owing to a panic which seized some Portuguese troops advancing towards the enemy with some British marines, the marines were cut off, and two officers and twenty-five men were taken prisoners. One of these officers, of the name of Emsworth, came

to Lisbon about this time (May), having been six months a prisoner with Miguel. He had been marched about from one place to another, and his companion had died from exhaustion; he himself had had a bad fever at Santarem; but there with £30 (he had contrived to conceal about him) he bribed an officer, who had charge of him, to report that he had died, and I believe there was a mock funeral. In the middle of the day, a Portuguese officer accompanied Mr. Emsworth (dressed as a countryman) to the Tagus; they had just seated themselves in a boat, when a horseman with a single attendant galloped up.

“Stop the boat!” cried the servant.

“Why?”

“His Majesty, the King, wants to get into it.”

Mr. Emsworth and his companion gave themselves up for lost, whilst Don Miguel leapt his horse into the boat, and desired them to sit still. But Mr. Emsworth, fearing that his pronunciation of the language would betray him, pretended great respect for Don Miguel, left the boat and

went over in another, and escaped without further interruption.

There was little intercourse between the British squadron in the Tagus, and the queen's fleet, though the admirals were on excellent terms. The truth is, some of the queen's officers had been formerly turned out of the British service ; therefore it was not altogether pleasant to meet their old acquaintances. Besides, the jealousy of the British officers was excited on seeing men who had served with them a short time before as mates, figuring now with a couple of gold epaulettes on their shoulders, three stripes on their cuffs, and in the command of ships of war.

Street-murders became frequent again. In going out to parties, the entertainers would not allow any of their guests to walk home alone, but arranged to send three and four together. I was surprised to see civilians with military forage-caps and sabres. I asked one of them why he wore these ?

“ The robbers respect me when they hear the clank of my sabre.”

“More likely because they know that few military men have pockets, or carry much gold besides what’s on their shoulders,” and they all laughed.

I happened to be dining with a friend one night, walked home alone as I was the only stranger at table and not from any absurd bravado, and four people were found murdered next morning.

One of these unfortunates was a Mr. Gerard, the managing clerk of a French house ; he was a strong and powerful man, and had been attacked a month before, but succeeded in beating off his assailants, and injured one of them so much that he was confined to an hospital for some time ; but on his legs again, he and his companions vowed vengeance.

It was a dreary and windy night, and there was a party at Mr. O’Neil’s, 39, Rua des Flores. The entertainer had occasion to go out on some business about ten o’clock ; shortly after, a scuffle was heard below the windows, at the corner of the street leading up to Chagas ; angry voices

were raised, a cry of murder and a heavy fall was heard. Mrs. O'Neil threw up the window of the drawing-room and cried out, "they were murdering her husband." Two gentlemen of her party ran down stairs, and found, not Mr. O'Neil, but Mr. Gerard lying on his back, stabbed dead, the moon occasionally shining on his pale face, which was placid and serene, as if he quietly slept.

Why are murders for revenge frequent in some countries? Because the laws are defective; people cannot get justice, and they take the law into their own hands.

About a year ago, there were many murders in Lisbon in open day, arising from political causes. Thus, an English lady, in looking from her window, saw a guard of soldiers conducting a man to the castle, supposed to be an informer in the pay of the Miguelites. The people dragged him from the hands of the soldiers, and ran at him with their knives; they knocked him down and stabbed him; he got up again, bleeding, and tried to make his escape, but was pursued across

the street by the savages, and fell against the lady's door under repeated thrusts. A sight of blood of this sort, was attended with serious consequences for many months to the fair and delicate lady.

About the same time as the above, some guerrillas, well known as bad characters, were sent over from the south side of the Tagus to the Castle of Lisbon; they were chained two-and-two, and were attacked by the people in the streets, the guard being too weak to defend them. A spectator told me that he saw one fellow draw a long clasp-knife from his sleeve, open it, and reaching under the arm of one of the guard from behind, deliberately push the weapon into the lungs of one of the prisoners, who immediately vomited gore, and as he dropped, turned such a look on his murderer, that it was enough to freeze the blood. The cowardly assassin escaped among the crowd.

In looking across the river, a village with high buildings is to be distinguished on the beautiful plain near Palmella. This, when I was at Lisbon,

was still occupied by a daring band of guerillas, who had set several attempts to break up their association at defiance. However, four of these entrenched ruffians fell one day into their own snare. They went to a neighbouring town and asked the mayor and three others of the principal people to hold a conference with them in a certain place, to treat about delivering up their companions; but their intention of seizing the mayor and the others, and carrying them off to get a ransom being suspected, they were questioned separately and the truth came out. Accordingly they were immediately taken to an open spot where the corn was trodden out, and one of the guerillas was told to walk away; he knew what was meant by this, and said, "Have patience for a little, I'm not confessed."

"Oh," said a priest, "as far as I'm concerned, you may make yourself perfectly easy on that score; we'll suppose you are confessed."

However, at the earnest entreaty of the guerilla, the priest heard his confession, and immediately after it was done, seized a musket by the

barrel and hit him a crack with the butt over the head to show his ultra-liberalism, (priests being generally suspected of being anti-constitutional); the guerilla reeled off, and was shot dead by a volley from seven muskets. One old man walked away with six wounds; but a better marksman brought him down with a ball through the back of the head.

Such are some of the horrors enacted during a civil war. I could give more, but I fear I have offended several of my readers already by giving what I have. However, there are others who can never get enough of what they call "interesting murders." Heaven grant that such incidents as the above may be now unfrequent, and that the blood of Portuguese may not be poured out in the streets like water by the hands of their countrymen!

But it is inconceivable what a desperate spirit of revenge is still lurking in the breasts of men who ought to know better; thus, an officer at Cartaxo, perfectly sober, vowed with oaths that as soon as the war was over, he would travel in

disguise through the country, and destroy several Miguelites of any age or sex, in revenge for injuries inflicted by their party on his family.

“ Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,
Stubborn and sturdy, a wild ass's colt ;
His passions, like the wat'ry stores that sleep
Beneath the smiling surface of the deep,
Wait but the lashes of a wintry storm
To frown, and roar, and shake his feeble form.”

But let us turn to *allegro* subjects, and tell of the wealthy Lisboneans leaving their crowded and hot city in May, and occupying charming quintas at Bemfica, Sagavem, Cintra, &c.

Among other gentlemen to whom I am indebted for much attention during my sojourn in Lisbon, were the Brazilian consul-general and his brother, St. Vicente Ferreira da Silva. I mounted a buro one morning, and rode out to their country-house at Bemfica to spend the day there. Certainly, at first, it was rather strange to find one's self riding an ass through a large city. I don't much mind these things ; however, I have no doubt but the officers of certain light dragoon

regiments, I once had the honour of belonging to, would have considered it highly "incorrect" (that's the favourite phrase now-a-days), for one of their number to have been seen doing as I did, even though it was the custom of the place; but if we ever become a lancer again, we must endeavour to be more "correct" in future.

Well, I rode out to Bemfica with Senhor Vicente, and as we approached his house two extraordinary figures,—one wearing a French smock or blouse over his clothes, and a high straw hat; the other dressed as a chasseur,—drew up by the road side and saluted us with presented fowling-pieces; these were two Portuguese merchants elegantly amusing themselves on Sunday, shooting sparrows, and "between hands" talking to the country girls as they passed along the road. It is not, therefore, in the regions about Cockaigne only, that sparrow-shooting is in vogue among citizens.

The gardens of quintas are usually surrounded by high walls, and the houses themselves are near the road, so that the ladies, "as is their custom

of an afternoon," may see the passers by. There is always a large well in the midst of the garden, with a heavy combination of wheels and buckets round the circumference of one of these, to irrigate (with the labour of a bullock) the plants disposed in rectangular beds. Opposite the windows of the drawing-room is commonly a square tank bordered with flowering shrubs, whilst Neptune among rock-work brandishes his trident at the gold fish swimming about among aquatic plants. There are good horse and mule-stables at most quintas, hen-houses and rabbit-houses;—while parrots and macaws are lightly chained to perches on the walls of the house.

The colour of the rooms is light and gay, wreaths of flowers are painted on the walls, and the furniture consists of a few simple chairs, a table, and a cane sofa. I asked a young lady how long she remained at her quinta? She said till the wind began to blow among the trees at night, which frightened her and made her melancholy.

"Do you read much?"

"No."

“Why?”

“Because it makes me go to sleep.”

But I found many Portuguese ladies very agreeable companions, and even very young ladies not by any means of the “Yes, sir,” and “No, sir,” or “I don’t understand you, sir”—school.

Certain families gave evening parties on a fixed day every week. At one of these there were certain curiosities displayed which amused me; among others a little box was produced, which contained a lock of hair six feet long, belonging to a friend of one of the party. The Portuguese ladies are very proud of the length of their hair.

Whilst the old people were playing at cassino and piles of crusados were changing hands, the younger were amusing themselves with a game at romps in the next room;—change corners, blind-man’s buff with a cane—in the Spanish style as I had seen at Havannah, forfeits, and so on, which afforded mirth and exercise for those who don’t walk out because there’s nothing new to see, and who can’t open the windows at night for the unpleasant smell of the streets.

Of course, I was always trying to see and converse with people who could give me information on Africa, and I was put in communication with Admiral Pussich, late governor of the Cape de Verde Islands—a very intelligent man, Senhor Sebastian Botelho, governor-general of Mozambique, General de Silva, his predecessor, &c., &c., and I found them particularly civil and communicative. I was often surprised at, and envious of the great volubility of the Portuguese; one old man in talking about the part of Africa where he had lived for several years, rattled on for two hours in his own language, without ever thinking or asking if I understood *all* he said. Another would not speak about Africa till I had listened to the greater part of the opera of *Semiramide* played by two of his daughters; no doubt wonderfully pleasant this, but not a good preparative for statistics.

The Conde Feroba (Quintella) gives the gayest parties at present; in spring and summer they are at his country-house called Larengeras; there private theatricals and operas are “got up”

by amateurs, and dancing follows. The emperor attends these parties in plain clothes, and seems to enjoy them much.

The Lisbon ladies don't see visitors, generally, during the day; but at night they are dressed out in gay apparel, and see their friends. In some houses the family and friends sit nightly at a large round table, and play cards for several hours, and squabble about a vintem; but this scandalous waste of precious time is too common in many countries to be severely criticised in Lisbon.

Whilst my business was slowly progressing, I went over the river to the south side to view from Almada the splendid panorama of Lisbon and the beautiful plains about Palmella, to enjoy the fresh breeze from the sea, and to tread on turf and wild flowers. Went up the river to visit the wine-quinta of Mr. Carruthers and the Countess Jerumanhaos; a splendid house with extensive gardens, vineyards, and orchards round it, taken by my bachelor friends, Messrs. Mac Laggan, Graham, and Hodson, for £30 per annum.

A year ago this house had been plundered by the Constitutional villagers near it; chandeliers were shivered to fragments, marble tables smashed, oil cloths and carpets cut off the floors, beds carried off, family pictures destroyed, and the portrait of a field-marshal insulted in a miserable and cowardly manner.

The best specimen of a Portuguese party I saw, was at Senhor Botelho's, who had collected, during his governorship in Africa, no small quantity of the *poudre d'or*. His excellency's lady and six fair daughters displayed great taste and judgment in the arrangement of their parties; the rooms were well lighted, music excellent, sweetmeats and liqueurs perfect. The Princess Loulé, (sister to the emperor,) Marquise Anjejâ, Condessa de Sampaio, Donna Anna de Camera, and other distinguished individuals, attended; whilst ancient generals and admirals wore coats barred with gold lace and fringe, and of a fashion as if our great-grandfathers had stepped out of their pictures to witness the enjoyments of their descendants.

The introduction of chocolate about two or three in the morning is the usual signal in Lisbon to break up,—and here we break off this rambling chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

Ministers of Donna Maria—Equalise the Duties on Imports—Effects on English Commerce—English Goods—Smuggling—Portuguese Manufactures—Machines—Commercial Regulations—Inland Communications—Agriculture—Prohibited Articles—Mines—Fisheries—Education—Hospitals—Prisons—Wages—Health—Literature—Colonies—Slave-trade—M. Sarmento—Falhinha—Cause of Mortality on Coasts of Africa—An Anecdote—Contract with British Troops—Proposals for a Land Company.

I BELIEVE that the present ministry of the queen has the good of Portugal at heart. The members of it may have committed mistakes, they may have taken a wrong bias in many things; but the country ought not to forget, that under them has freedom been achieved from the yoke of a tyrant, who without a spark of intelligence or patriotism in his composition,—cruel, de-

ceitful, and a slave to his animal passions, sat with his minions like an incubus on the nation.

It is possible that the present ministers may be out-voted when the Cortes are convoked, and may be forced to resign ; but it will be ungrateful in the nation to throw them overboard, altogether to dispense with their services, when a fortunate end has been put to a struggle which impoverished the country and caused such a stagnation to commerce and agriculture.

The English in the Portuguese trade were much alarmed and indignant at the decree lately promulgated, which equalised the duties on foreign imports ; formerly the English paid 15 per cent. ; the French and other nations, 30. What was the consequence to the Portuguese ? England had a monopoly of many articles of first necessity ; thus, twelve vintems was paid for Irish butter, when now it may be got for six, and cheese in the same way. Exhausted Portugal requires a spur,—requires restoratives ; shall a whole nation suffer for the benefit of a few traders ?

But England certainly will not be a loser, for commerce, in general, will increase on the banks of the Tagus and Douro; there will be more buyers and sellers; there will be a greater demand for English hardware and woollens, as Portugal recovers its elasticity. When Mr. Huskisson lowered the duties on French silks, what an outcry was raised, and utter ruin predicted to our own silk-weavers. Has the result fulfilled the prediction?

Might not nations do without commercial treaties? Suppose the custom-house regulations were established for three years certain, might not traffick be conducted with confidence during that time? Then let other regulations be made, according to change of circumstances. Why ought not the general rule be followed, for nations to go where they can sell dearest and buy cheapest?

England can undersell all other nations at present, and will do so for years to come, in most articles. Steam, superior machinery, and enterprise occasion this. It is true that many of the

manufactures of England are more flimsy than what they used to be, and less substantial than those of other nations, but the reason is obvious: high priced articles will not sell; on the continent people have no money to give for expensive goods. Show a Turk a fast-coloured silk for twelve piastres, and show him another not with fast colours (but brighter because it is not fast); explain to him the difference between them, and tell him he may have the last piece for six piastres, which will he take? Undoubtedly not the twelve-piastre piece. But, say political economists, the English manufacturer is hurting himself in the long run, by producing inferior goods. Depend upon it when foreigners wish a more expensive article and can afford to pay for it, our manufactures will immediately supply them; a fortnight's notice is all that is required.

Before the equalisation of the duties, almost all the French goods which were sold in Lisbon were smuggled,—30 per cent. of duty was so strong a temptation to avoid the custom-house. The French dealers introduced a few articles in

the regular way, to save appearances ; but government, instead of getting at least 80,000 crusados of duties, as it ought to have got for French goods annually, got only 18,000. Were the ministers to blame for altering this abuse ?

Spain is so foolish, that she will not admit English woollens ; but they find their way into every part of the country for all that. Who suffers ? The Spanish government. There was one merchant at Lisbon, who used to purchase whole cargoes of English goods to send into Spain, often without seeing them, and made immense profits. Once, however, he lost a whole cargo of the value of £70,000 ; but it did not in the least affect him : he smuggled the more, and lately died “rolling in wealth.”

The manufactures carried on in Portugal at this moment consist of coarse woollens, hats, common glass and earthenware, silk-weaving, printed cottons, paper-making, &c. ; but all on a very small scale. They have decreased latterly owing to Brazil (the principal market) being supplied from other countries at a cheaper rate ;

and English traders will say that now the admission of goods of all nations into Portugal at the rate of 15 per cent. will injure the manufactures still more. There were no new manufactures about to be established when I left Portugal. I visited the royal pottery, and found it an establishment very creditable to government; it has recently been re-modelled, and some of the workmen (of whom there are 200) are paid £2 a-week.

No new and useful machines, as far as I could learn, have recently been introduced into the country, and there is much room for the application of them in many ways. Most kinds of work are done by mere manual labour, which the most common mechanical contrivance would much lessen.

The new commercial regulations are very good, and would give no obstacle to business were they acted up to, which is not done, through the ignorance of many of the employés. Till very lately, heavy export duties were levied on all articles of the production of the country,

which are now however abolished, and will tend much to encourage trade and enable the wine, oil, and other native productions to compete more effectually with those of its neighbours.

The want of good inland conveyance is severely felt, and if the country were opened up by roads and canals, the produce could be afforded at a much lower price. The carriage to Lisbon from some inland districts, of wines, &c. comes to as much as the original cost of the article.

This country having no manufactures of consequence, has only the produce of its soil with which to make returns, and every encouragement should be given to the agriculturist. The export of wines to South America might be much increased when they can be afforded cheaper, and they should also, with proper management, be able to export wheat largely, instead of depending on a supply from abroad. The ruin of the agriculture of Portugal was the

“Auri sacra fames,”

the craving for riches : thus, in 1606 the popula-

tion of Portugal was six millions of souls ; now it is three : in 1606 there was plenty in the land, and agriculture flourished ; after this, however, the intelligent farmers, seeing their acquaintance sending large remittances from Brazil and converting their coffee, sugar, and cotton into gold, were seized with the desire to go and do so likewise ; they gave up their farms to ignorant men, and agriculture gradually declined.

Gunpowder and live pigs are prohibited articles of import ; tobacco, soap, orchilla, are monopolies and farmed out ; grain is only occasionally admitted to consumption, and pays a varying duty, generally about 40 per cent.

The mines now worked are,—first, the gold mine of Adiça, near Cape Espichel, but which barely pays expenses ; second, the iron mine of Foz d'algo, near Thomar ; third, coal at Pedro da Cora, near Oporto, also another coal mine at Buarcos ; and fourth, a small lead mine near Torre de Moncorro. The country contains a great variety of metals, and many other mines might be worked to advantage.

There are now no fisheries of moment, except for the daily supply of the towns on the coast ; under the old regime they paid a vexatious duty of nearly 20 per cent., which the present government has taken off. A few tunny-fish are salted and cured on the coast of Algarve, and also sardinhas in the north, and there is a Board to encourage these, but they do not succeed at all. Properly encouraged they would answer, as the fish is abundant, and would be consumed in the country and in Spain.

Talking of small fry,—improvement has taken place in the education of children ; schools on the Lancasterian principle are now common, as also schools for infants. The government is giving much attention to education, and it is to be hoped much good will be done.

The hospitals are very fairly managed ; and the attendance of medical men is numerous and excellent ; but there is room for improvement in their ventilation, and they are not very well off for funds.

But the prisons are abominable. No classifica-

tion of offenders ; young and old are all huddled together in noisome, dark, and damp cells, and the prisoners are badly fed ; but the present government, with its usual activity, (headed by the indefatigable Don Pedro,) is beginning to look after them, and in a short time, it is to be hoped, they will be materially improved.

Labourers' wages are from 300 to 360 reis a-day (15 or 18 pence), in the country often less, with victuals. Carpenters, masons, &c., may get 500 or 600 reis per day, and others more, according to their dexterity. Few people are hired by the day, except field-labourers, who in rain go under cover and play at pitch and toss, or at quoits with brick bats. Galegos are paid according to jobs.

The state of health in Lisbon is generally good, owing solely (seemingly) to the climate, for the filth, both in the streets and in the personal habits of the lower orders, is excessive. There are public boards "de saude" (of health), but they seem sinecures, and do no good ; small quantities of spoiled grain, fish, or fruit are occasionally

condemned and destroyed. The mortality in Lisbon during the cholera of last year was dreadful, no doubt owing to the greasy nature of the food of the people ; 30,000 are supposed to have perished during this visitation, and they were generally buried in large pits without shroud or coffin.

As to the state of literature in Portugal at present, no new books by native authors have lately been published ; there are, however, useful elementary books,—translations from the French. I made diligent search for manuscripts, but was not successful in meeting with any of value ; however, there is understood to be some curious ones in the libraries of some of the convents, as also in the public archives. They principally relate to the wars and discoveries in India and Africa, and new information may be gathered from them relating to Abyssinia ; it was, however, very difficult to get even a sight of any of them, as from the bad arrangement of the libraries it is almost impossible for a person to lay his hands on what he wants.

Since the Portuguese have lost their valuable possessions in South America, it is natural to be supposed that, under a new order of things, they will pay attention to their hitherto neglected settlements in Africa. *Our* attention ought first to be directed to show to the Portuguese, that we have no wish or intention to encroach on, or interfere with, their African colonies; that our only object in their neighbourhood is to extend trade and to civilize the aborigines, not to extend our territory (of which we have already got more than we can easily manage) at the expense of our "ancient allies."

It is well known that no colonies stand so much in need of reform as those of the Portuguese; many of the governors have held office solely for the purpose of enriching themselves by slave-dealing; not only imposing a tax for their own emolument on every negro head allowed to be exported, but also themselves and families extensively dealing in slaves. Some of the governors I saw in Lisbon, were men who had conscientiously abstained from these practices; but their

predecessors had not been so scrupulous, particularly whilst the great market of Brazil had to be supplied.

The first step towards the improvement of Portuguese colonies in Africa, is the entire abandonment of the traffick in slaves; like on the Niger, where slave-trade absorbs every other, it will be useless to attempt to establish a trade in native produce or European goods, until the barter of human flesh is entirely put an end to.

The wrongs inflicted on the unfortunate sons of Africa by European nations, call loudly for redress; and the present generation, not mindful only of their own aggrandizement, ought diligently to inquire how they can best make up for the many and long-continued outrages on the natural rights of their sable brethren. For the philanthropic and patriotic mind, no prospect can be more agreeable than that of seeing the interests of the African tribes attended to, the arts of civilized life introduced among them, then the mild spirit of Christianity; from all which will most assuredly

flow wealth and prosperity to our own native land, and also to Portugal.

There are Portuguese gentlemen who have laboured long and zealously to introduce reform in the splendid "ultra mar" possessions of their country. One of the most distinguished is M. Sarmento, brother of the present envoy extraordinary in London. This enlightened public character has both written and spoken frequently and urgently against slave-trade. In 1826, before the reign of Miguel, M. Sarmento addressed the Cortes in these words ;—"Gentlemen, I propose the abolition of the infamous slave-trade,—that traffick which has carried terror and desolation to Africa, exciting wars, rendering barbarism permanent, checking the course of civilization, and which has already doomed millions of human victims to misery and torment."

Major Sa Noguera also fearlessly exposes the incredible abuses which prevailed in Portuguese colonies during the late usurpation, in his work called *Folhinha*.

Convicts ought not to be sent to African colo-

nies indiscriminately ; they corrupt the natives and check improvement.

Some say, in England, “ Why should we trouble ourselves about the coasts of Africa ; they are too deadly ever to be of great service to us, even though great wealth may be derived from them.” It is certainly true that few Europeans, and particularly Englishmen, thrive between the tropics ; but why is this ? I maintain that it is principally owing to their own imprudence.

Many Englishmen who have visited the shores of Africa between the tropics, have sneered at the recommendations of the Portuguese or native residents as to the means of preserving health. Contrary to all advice, they have gone to unhealthy swamps at the mouths of rivers to shoot elephants and hippopotami, have slept on damp ground and got up in the morning half wet and half dry, have excited themselves with brandy, and debilitated themselves by debauchery of every kind. The bones of hundreds of our gallant but heedless countrymen are now entombed under the dark shade of African forests, under her

burning sands, or by the banks of her streams, owing chiefly to the above causes.

Let me illustrate this subject by an anecdote. A few years ago, during the time of the Constitution in Portugal, an officer of the Portuguese navy, who had been an African governor and knew well the nature of the climate on the coasts, was appointed to command a frigate. This ship was to sail from the Tagus and to visit the different Portuguese settlements on the east and west coasts, for the purpose of keeping them in check and preventing any attempt at non-compliance with the new state of affairs in the mother-country.

Before the frigate sailed, her commander called his men aft and told them, that as they were about to visit Africa, which was generally so fatal to Europeans, principally through their own imprudence he meant to lay down certain rules for his men, by observing which, instead of a skeleton crew returning, he hoped to bring them all back to the Tagus again. Accordingly, with the assistance of the surgeon, a code of health was drawn out and put up indifferent parts of the ship ; the rules

laid down were strictly enforced, and the effect of all this was, that though the vessel was out for sixteen months in and about African rivers and unhealthy stations, she returned to Lisbon without having lost a man !

The rules for preserving the health of the crew were shortly these :—that the men and the ship should be always clean ; that the men should be well and warmly clothed and regularly fed ; that they should never sleep on shore if it could be avoided ; but if they did sleep on shore, they should sleep dry, and not expose themselves to the dews at night, or fogs in the morning ; that at night, only those required should be on deck, the rest below, particularly if near shore ;* and that no excesses of any kind should be committed.

As an addendum to these excellent and simple rules, I beg to propose that naval and military commanders should insist on their subordinates at all times conciliating the natives of the foreign countries they visit, and never permit, by act or

* A person may sleep almost any where in safety with gauze over the face ; it prevents the miasma being injurious.

word, the least offence to be given to the feelings of the aborigines, white or black, of any country. Commanders generally neglect this.

By the new contract under which the British troops serve in Portugal, it says, "at the end of the present war, every soldier and non-commissioned officer will have a right to his discharge; every well-conducted soldier at the end of the war is entitled to a recompense in land, valued at from £30 to £40; corporals, £50; sergeants, £70; 1st serjeants, £85; sergeant-major, £100; they will have the right to bring their families to Portugal and practise any trade, &c., as if they were native Portuguese. The value of this land is to be determined by commissioners appointed by government, and by an equal number of field-officers, and other officers of the British regiments. Those soldiers who do not wish land, will have the power of disposing of that portion of it which has been awarded to them, and to settle in any other part of Portugal and to carry on their trades there. Until their portion of land is awarded by the commissioners, the soldier is entitled, if

discharged, to his daily British rations, and those who wish to return to England will have a free passage."

Those articles of the contract are deserving of attention in England. It was Colonel Shaw's wish, that his men should get money instead of land. The land to be given is the richest in Portugal—part of the royal domains in the Alem-tejo—and it appeared to the colonel, that as the soldier is entitled to sell his land, it may be an excellent speculation for a Company to be formed in England for the purpose of purchasing it.

On a rough calculation, there ought to be £60,000 worth of land, which never yet has been touched by the plough. The regiments are composed of all trades, and most of the men are young and unmarried; out of 1,200 men, say at least 600 are ready to be workmen or labourers for the Land Company. But would the government give encouragement to a Company of this sort? It may allow of the convents being converted into factories, but a Land Company is a different affair.

The first requisite for the district to succeed is, that it should be on a navigable river, and have the means, by water or land carriage, of communicating freely with markets ; second, that stone and wood for building and fuel should be abundant ; third, that the district should be healthy ; fourth, that the settlers should enjoy certain privileges, freedom from imposts, free exercise of religion, &c.

If the Portuguese government were to dispose of the land allotted for the soldiers to a Company and pay off the men at once in money, it would be a great gainer ; for the men's rations would be saved, and a considerable profit derived from the sale of the uncultivated land.

I asked an intelligent Portuguese gentleman one day, if he thought an English Land Company would succeed in Portugal ? He answered, " I don't think it would ; for the truth is, the people are jealous of English interference, and any thing in the shape of an English Company would not go down here. Possibly one individual acting as if for himself, and not as the ostensible agent of a

foreign Association, might succeed in forming and conducting a profitable establishment; but roads, canals, and bridges must first be made throughout Portugal."

I asked him if he thought that Portugal was not much indebted to England for her great exertions to drive Napoleon from the Peninsula, and also for preventing Portugal becoming a province of Spain? Who takes the fruit and wine of Portugal? It is England; the French want neither Portuguese wines nor fruits, and there is not an American ship at this moment in the Tagus, and seldom is there one.

To this he answered, "Portugal has long been a milch cow to England." On which I added, "that I sincerely desired to see the prosperity of Portugal, to see her rise again to high rank in the scale of nations; that I trusted that no narrow-minded jealousies would prevent her profiting by past experience, that her colonies would become great and prosperous, that the prejudices of the lower orders would be overcome, and that in agriculture and manufactures they would be ready

and willing to take a lesson from foreigners who have long been emancipated from the trammels under which the Portuguese have unfortunately laboured, and that the chains of Lusitania being now broken, she would be roused into action as if touched by the spear of an Ithuriel, remembering also this pithy adage,—

“Quoth Sidrophel, it is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform, deny,
Because you understand not why.”

CHAPTER X.

*Leave Lisbon to visit Cintra and Mafra—A Razor-back—
A beautiful Picture—Palace of Sitiaes—Sweets of
Solitude—Montserrat—The Cork Convent—A Men-
dicant Friar—A Muleteer's Refreshment—The Penha
Convent—Moorish Castle—Conical Chambers—A
superb View—Old Palace of Cintra—Ride to Mafra—
The Church, Garden, Clock, and Bells—Return to
Lisbon—Portuguese Baptisms, Marriages, and Fune-
rals—Sir John Milley Doyle and Brigadier-General
Bacon—Pleasures of attending Levees—Patience
rewarded—Post-office Abuses—Embark in a Steamer
for England.*

I COULD not leave Lisbon without visiting Cintra and Mafra. I should have liked to have had a companion on this pleasure excursion, but it is difficult to meet with people who, though disengaged, feel inclined to mount and ride on short notice ; so I set off (as I generally do) alone.

By way of giving me a treat, the person from whom I hired a horse put me on an English hunting-saddle, than which there is nothing worse adapted for a journey; it sore-backs strange horses, is hard and smooth to the rider, and one can't carry any thing on it in the shape of arms or baggage. The beast I bestrode, too, reminded me of the old song,

“He rode upon a razor,
And his name was Aiken Drum;”

but I was “fixed,” as the Yankees say, accordingly “abandoned dwelling,” and essayed to ride towards Cintra.

After passing through Bemfica, it rained occasionally in torrents, and my black long-tailed Bucephalus could with difficulty struggle through the mud. A young fidalgo belonging to the court, on his way to the emperor at Ramalhao, rode along with me for some distance, and we bemired one another terribly.

The fields were variegated with the yellow marigold, red poppies, and blue vetches, and as

we approached the stony ridges of the mountain of Cintra, there was perceptible a wonderful improvement in the atmosphere, now cool, light, and invigorating.

In riding over the side of the mountain and preparing to descend again, the remarkable view of the old palace at some distance below, unexpectedly burst upon me. A well-wooded and overhanging slope was on the left of the picture, whilst the vast and many-roofed white building with its two kitchen chimneys, like those of a glass manufactory, rose in the centre on a natural platform above the plain, bounded in the far horizon by the sea. On the right of the foreground was an ancient cork-tree, and women carrying water from a road-side fountain.

I dismounted at the excellent establishment of Madame de Costa, and after a comfortable meal, got on a buro, and leisurely rode towards the Palace of Sitiaes,—two long wings connected by an arch, where the Convention of Cintra was signed. The rooms were nearly unfurnished; the pictures on the walls were, strange to say,

generally Rowlandson's old prints of burlesque English scenes and incidents ; but it was a pleasure to be shown even these, by such a pretty girl as acted the part of cicerone.

In front of Sitiaes is a beautiful lawn, where in summer and autumn, by the liberality of the proprietor, the Marquis of Marialva, the residents of Cintra promenade of an evening, enjoying the extensive prospects round them ; and overhead the rugged mountain ridges crowned by the walls of the Moorish castle and the Penha Convent, the side of the steep clustered with houses shaded with trees, and the gardens—watered by clear rills—in which the pomegranate, myrtle, and lemon bloom and diffuse the fragrance of a paradise.

Contemplating this heavenly scene, and breathing the balmy air of this favoured retreat, one is strongly tempted to flee for ever from “life's fitful fever” in the busy haunts of anxious men, and to pass in quiet the evening of our days, happy in being, as Horace says, “*procul negotiis* ;” however, without a kindred spirit,

solitude would not be sweet, for with the Latin bard we may say,

“ Place me afar, in some dreary barren region,
Where not a tree by the summer gale is foster'd,
But clouds, ever low'ring, and unwholesome vapours
Hang all around it :

Place me beneath the burning car of Phœbus
On a wild shore, with no human dwelling near me ;
Still will I love my Lalage's sweet smiles, and
Sweet conversation !”

Passing the Penha Verde (green rock)—quinta of the famous John de Castro, viceroy of India, on its commanding plateau, I reached the former residence of the author of *Vathek*. Nothing could be better selected than the site of this once luxurious residence ; now how silent and forsaken ! On a lower outwork or spur of the mountain, it occupies the extremity of a green hill, and looks down on a fertile plain, and on the valley of Colares with its vineyards and orchards, whilst the far-off roar of the ocean comes up on the breeze from the west.

Montserrat consists of two circular towers at the extremities of a square centre, and connected

with it by galleries ; the first tower is the entrance hall ; the further one, the music-room. The portals stood open, the windows and roofs were demolished, the beams giving way ; whilst the wind swept with melancholy cadence through the empty apartments, and stirred the leaves of shrubs and trees within and about this desolate dwelling.

I next traversed by gentle ascents a wide heath, and “frequently turned to linger” and admire the lovely prospects below me, till I found myself opposite the low-browed Cork Convent, scarcely to be distinguished from the rocks amongst which it is built.

Tying my beast to an iron ring, I passed through two or three small square courts, in which were stone seats and tables, and a fountain shaded by trees ; and then reached a shed of cork, under which was a door covered with the same material, and over it a human skull and a cross formed of shells.

A servant of the convent answered to my knocking, and a spare-made brother presented himself, clad in brown serge and sandall’d feet, with a dis-

cipline about his waist. He led me by little steep paths to cave-chapels among the rocks, and throwing back his cowl he stooped down and reverently kissed the feet of our Saviour's image in them; he then conducted me to a level spot, where there was a view of the sea, skirting the rocky coast with a white belt of surf. I was becoming romantic on seeing this, when the holy father asked me abruptly if I took tobacco. I replied in the negative.

“Will you give me something to purchase a little?”

“Certainly.”

“Now don't tell, if you please, the rest of the brethren, that you have given me a present; it is only, you know, *por amor de Deos*.”

We returned to the entrance and found another brother, whose burly figure showed that “*vacca com arros*” (meat with rice), wine, and oil, had not been thrown away upon him; he civilly saluted me, and then led me to the small cells, which he was unable to enter, and then asked me to sit at a stone table in a refectory hewn out of

the rock. Pieces of cork supplied the place of plates; beside napkins and knives were placed bread and cheese, and the friar grasped a bottle of Colares. Afraid of encroaching on the supplies of the brotherhood, I took a moderate share of the bread and wine; but a muleteer I had with me had no such scruples; he drank himself breathless, and ate *pour quatre*.

Riding and walking over the heath-clad Serra, and passing flocks of small sheep and goats, I arrived at the bottom of the rugged peak on which stands the Penha (rock) Convent; ascending on foot, a chapel was passed, and then the main entrance reached. The walls of the building were strongly built, and as a fortress it might hold out a considerable time. On knocking for admittance, no answer was returned, save an echo from deserted galleries; at last a boy, with two or three dogs, appeared at an angle of the building over head, and after reconnoitering me, descended and let me in.

No monks were to be seen here; the brotherhood had been suppressed, and I really felt grieved

that such a perfect and singular specimen of a monastic institution should be untenanted, and suffered to go to ruin. A reader of tales of the olden time must always feel deep interest in monachism; and on seeing the houses of a religious order, the mind is strongly excited, and filled with sentiments and ideas of mingled pain and pleasure.

The Chapel of Penha is beautifully ornamented with the favourite azulejo (blue and white tiles), and there was an unique square court surrounded with cloisters, which was paved with marble. In looking from the terraced roof, the mist and rain drove over the peaks of Cintra below, and being broken by the irregularities of the surface and the force of the wind, the drift looked like legions of spirits hurrying to battle.

Descending from the Penha, I scaled the neighbouring peak to the castle of the Moors. If the Penha was interesting for its monastic recollections, this was doubly so from recalling to mind the days of chivalry, when the standards of the Cross and Crescent were borne by the most

valiant of our species, and for years of desperate warfare and suffering were dyed in blood.

There are two lines of works at the Castello dos Mouros, consisting of strong curtains with round bastions, firm as the rock on which they are founded in many places, and in others broken down in large breaches. On a lower platform are the remains of a chapel, the doorway of which had a Saxon arch and pillars; the capitals are ornamented with flowers and the figure of a lion. The coved ceiling of a part of the eastern end of the chapel, is painted with stars on a blue ground. Within the second line of wall of this interesting fortress, (standing 1,800 feet above the plain, and strongly constructed among the shattered rocks of Cintra,) is a large tank covered with an arched roof, fallen in in some places, but the water beautifully clear and cool; near this are apparently ranges of stabling, the roofs formerly supported with square (built) pillars, and one immediately conjured up barbed steeds, gaudily caparisoned, and with swarthy turbaned riders.

On the side of the hill near this, Sir Alexander

Mallet lately discovered two singular chambers of a conical form; the diameter of the base and the height of the largest of these appeared to be about ten feet. The bones of a child were discovered in one of them. Perhaps they had been granaries.

The view from the top of the Moorish castle is superb. In the remote distance is seen the great towers and dome of Mafra, likened by Mr. Beckford to a giant's castle in the midst of a country which he has rendered barren by his oppressive cruelties; then the eye ranges over the plains, with scattered villages, quintas, and corn-fields, towards Lisbon; while immediately below are seen the great palace and hill-side dwellings of Cintra. I have seldom sat on such a delightful Pisgah as this of the Moorish castle, and I felt loath to descend from such a proud eminence.

A stroll through the deserted halls and long passages of the old palace, with its pointed Moorish windows and many fountains, was extremely agreeable. Some of the apartments were almost entirely

covered with the polished tiles of azulejo; in one, the ceiling was painted with swans, whose necks were encircled with crowns; in another, magpies holding apples, and the legend "por bem" (for good) underneath,—in allusion to a tale of jealousy, when a king discovered a lover saluting his queen, and which she explained to his majesty, was to bring about something that would benefit the king! In the Salla das Armas are the shields of the old Portuguese nobility; in a small apartment the floor is worn by the footsteps of Alphonso VI., confined for nine years by his brother, and whose body I had seen at St. Jeronymo; whilst in another is a small tile-covered throne and seats, where the wildly enterprising King Sebastian sat with his counsellors before he went on his last and fatal expedition to Africa.

In an outer court is a singular apartment, on entering which the old man who shows the palace retires, and water issues from the wall in jets on the stranger; and on attempting to escape into the court, he is intercepted by another shower from a fountain. I had seen similar "traps" in Russia.

The kitchen is of vast size, has long ranges of stoves and ovens, and the two great chimneys give out a fine echo for a singer. Altogether this palace, with its curiously laid out gardens, is as interesting a specimen of the by-gone time, and of the high and palmy state of Portugal, as can be conceived.

It appeared to me that no where was the air so balmy, the trees so green, and the songs of the birds so sweet as at Cintra; awaking at early dawn after a tranquil sleep, and enjoying the sights and sounds which nature furnished, I felt myself in an elysium of enjoyment, and it was most reluctantly that I at last mounted and rode towards Mafra.

“The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods. No works of man
May rival these; these all bespeak a power
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.”

I was drenched with torrents of rain, which swept across the bare country, accompanied with thunder and lightning; and I could hardly get

my horse forward, the rain and execrable road distressed him so much, though he had no great weight to carry, as I was without baggage.

Here were neither mile-stones nor direction-posts, and I was frequently at a loss, as I could not see far before me; but at last I fell in with strings of mules, crossed a stream, and found myself under the high walls enclosing the deer-park of Mafra, and then stood before the vast pile of the united palace, convent, and church.

In the small village of Mafra, I found a clean house, kept by a decent widow with her three daughters; they entreated me kindly to enter, and comforted myself and beast after our unpleasant journey.

I walked towards the immense building, the Portuguese Escorial; ascended by an easy slope to a splendid portico adorned with statues; on each side were belfry towers, and the dome in the centre of all, on the top of which, in an iron globe, is a portion of the true cross. The royal and patriarchal apartments, with their many windows, extend on each side of the portico, and are

terminated by massive square towers ; altogether a most imposing façade, attesting the wealth and magnificence of John V., and his extreme desire to have an heir to his crown and sceptre.

The church, in excellent taste and void of any tinsel ornaments, is panelled with black and white marble and other finely veined stones ; brass chandeliers depend from the ceiling, and the deep-toned voices of the monks, chaunting before the high altar, were heard with excellent effect, accompanying an organ, among the many arches of this superb house of God.

Passing through a vestry, enriched with highly carved marble fonts, representing flowering plants, a smart little boy conducted me past three hundred dormitories, and then we ascended to the flat roofs of the building. In the square court below was a beautiful garden, in which the box-wood was arranged in lace patterns, like a rich veil, and marble seats and fountains invited to repose and contemplation.

The mechanism of the great clock, with its chimes, was highly curious, and the bells have

names and sounds appropriate for different occasions. A sweet-toned bell with a high note, is called the "bell of grace;" while another, which summons to sermons and processions, is "of a very doleful sound, moving to compassion."

The sacred vessels and vestments did not appear to be particularly costly; the library was stored with (it is said) 50,000 volumes; whilst, to give a further idea of this vast quadrangular structure, I may mention there are 866 apartments, 5,000 windows, and 58 statues of Carrara marble.

I returned to Lisbon by an excellent causewayed road, showing the power and influence of the former monks, and passed some pleasant villages and ancient quintas during my twenty miles' ride; while villagers hurried with produce to market, anxious to reach the city before night-fall made the environs dangerous.

A word on Portuguese marriages, baptisms, and funerals. It is still common here for a tender virgin to be sued through her parents only; she may have held little or no converse with the

love-sick swain before they go to church, and are united (without a ring) by the indissoluble bands of holy matrimony. When the bridegroom "in expectancy" proposes, he presents his fair flame with a carnation, which she gracefully wears if his suit is accepted.

I saw several love-makings; one was absurd enough. The youth sat in a corner of the room, abstracted and silent for whole evenings; whilst the lady was playing at cards with the company which usually assembled at her father's house. I cannot understand why people who have made up their minds to a *fatal* measure, delay; why not arrange preliminaries at once, and have it over? Better to fight a duel by lanterns immediately after a quarrel, or be hanged immediately that one is prepared for the next world; for when a traveller is ready for a journey, shoes on his feet, staff in hand, and loins girt, he dislikes to be delayed.

The marriage ceremony is a very simple one in Portugal; the bride and bride's-maids are usually dressed in black; grief, I suppose, at

being separated from their relatives occasions the adoption of this habit, or perhaps because it is the church-going one: the gentleman is in his "Sunday's best." The priest reads the marriage service chiefly at the door of the church, the altar is approached, and a blessing given; and again at the door the priest ties the ends of his surplice over the joined hands, holy water is sprinkled, and the parties declared man and wife.

Not as in England, among the middle and higher classes, where "immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony, the happy pair set off," &c.—in Portugal the happy pair return to their friends and relatives, and pass the evening in feasting and dancing, like in the good old times of our grandmothers.

One day, I saw a baptism at a country church; there was the priest, the father and child, the nurse, godmother and the compadre, or godfather, the sacristan, and two men with long lighted candles. The service was commenced at the door of the church; the parties then moved

up to the altar; salt and oil were applied to the child; the font was approached and water sprinkled; the ceremony ended by the godfather, godmother, and child holding one candle, and the priest wishing happiness to all. There could not be a happier man than the father, for it was his first child, and the crow had set its foot on his cheek, and the snows of age were on his head.

I was one day riding into the city, when I met the funeral of a fidalgo. A sége contained two priests, in white and black vestments; across the foot of the sége lay a large coffin covered with a crimson silk pall. The bolhero had his usual dress on, and four mutes in black, with white batons, walked along side, and towards the parish church in the country where the body was to be deposited, without the necessity for the attendance of relatives!

When one of the middle classes dies, it would be reckoned a great insult if all the friends and relatives were not invited to attend the service read over the body of the deceased in church.

The organ peals its solemn anthem, the priests chaunt the "de profundis," and those attending the funeral hold each a light. A priest then accompanies the body to the grave; whilst the near relatives sit for eight days in dark rooms, with perhaps a single taper lighting the picture of Nossa Senhora des Dolores, (of grief).

The gentlemen sit in the outer room, silent and supposed to be absorbed in grief; whilst the ladies are in the inner. Visitors come in the evening, approach the relatives, bow, sit a while without saying a word, and then retire.

To be thus obliged to show one's self to the world, immediately after the demise of near and perhaps very dear relatives, is still a relic of barbarism; grief is best indulged in silence and seclusion.

But these funeral parties are not always very *triste*; thus, a gentleman told me that he had been sitting at one of them for some hours, and when it had got late and no more company was expected, he whispered to some young ladies near him, that they would not be the worse for a

little tea. A lamp was accordingly lighted, and the tea-equipage brought in; unexpectedly a knock was heard, more visitors were announced; the lamp was immediately extinguished and the china swept off, for it is highly incorrect to be seen eating or drinking during the eight days of mourning.

In some churches it is still customary to bury the dead under the pavement, though now, generally, the dead are carried to cemeteries without the city. One of the church funerals may serve as a specimen of the universal custom formerly. A priest is seen reading prayers over the body of a female, decently dressed in black gown and white stockings, laid out at one end of the church, whilst the sexton is busy preparing a shallow grave at the other; the service over, two men take up the body by the head and feet, and without coffin or winding-sheet throw it into the grave; quick-lime, earth, and the pavier's rammer do the rest. This is horrible, but strictly true.

So also is the indecent manner of burying the

children of the lower classes ; they are taken to the churches and laid on the pavement by the parents, and some of them tricked out in tinsel and ribbons. When eight or nine are collected, two galegos come in with an open shell, and place the tiny bodies in it indiscriminately, and carry them off (heads shaking with the motion and quite exposed) to the narrow bed !

Than the English burying-ground in Buenos Ayres, I cannot conceive a more agreeable final resting-place. On an elevated site in a noiseless neighbourhood, shaded with dark and graceful cypresses, the air perfumed with the blossoms of trees and sweet-smelling flowers, the walks and grass neatly kept, the monuments and headstones in good taste without the tawdry ornaments of Père la Chaise, and glimpses to be had through the trees, of the Estrella, the castle, and the broad river ; it is quite perfect since the church has been built there. I found the graves of some of my relatives (Maynes) under the oldest of the tomb-stones of this interesting Field of the Dead.

“ A little sod, a few sad flowers,
A tear for long departed hours,
Is all that feeling hearts request,
To hush their weary thoughts to rest.”

The quarrel between Sir John Milley Doyle and Brigadier-General Bacon, took place before I left Lisbon. It was a great pity that officers of their rank and tried courage, and both reared in the British army, should have so far committed themselves before foreigners as they did, and have carried matters to the extent of one seeking his adversary with a large stick under his arm, whilst the other carried pistols.

I made the acquaintance of several officers of Admiral Parker's squadron, and spent two very agreeable days on board the Asia flag-ship, which was certainly in first-rate order. Whilst delayed in Lisbon waiting for the documents promised me, I had several lessons in Portuguese from a very facetious gentleman, Senhor Penheiro, and engaged a Portuguese sailor-boy, Antonio Joaquim Pereirra, to accompany me to Africa.

Some fortunate individuals in this world of

care get good things merely for the asking, and sometimes even forced upon them; my case has always been different, but

“Vivite felices quibus est fortuna peracta
Jam sua !”

May those be happy whose fortunes are already completed.

It is tiresome to think of, and it would be egotistical to describe, the weary and anxious waitings and dancings of attendance I have had at various times; and of this I had a fair share at Lisbon. There were many allowances to be made in consequence of the war, and of the singularity of my case; but I was impatient “to be up and be doing,” and to wend my way to a country whose very name awakens feelings and sentiments of the most intense interest; and without having traversed a portion of which, no one who is ambitious of extensive foreign travel and of thereby benefiting his race, can sit down contented.

At last, I got my reward. H. E. Senhor Freire, minister of war and of foreign affairs, to

whose attention I was most kindly recommended by the envoy extraordinary in London, M. de Mordes Sarmento, and Sir Nicholas Trant, gave me introductions and recommendations to Portuguese governors of colonies, with the present of a MS. map of Portuguese discoveries in Africa; and at the suggestion also of his excellency, the emperor was so condescending as to confer on me the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, to facilitate my movements in Africa; for all which I was very grateful.

I had engaged to go on to Egypt to deliver a valuable present of books to the pacha, and to endeavour to establish there a branch of the Royal Asiatic Society of London, before proceeding to South Africa. I expected fresh instructions from home whilst in Portugal regarding the above, and they were sent, but I never received them. Some miscreants, English as well as Portuguese, were in the habit of calling for foreign letters at the post-office at Cartaxo, claiming and taking away what did not belong to them, to extract what information or even

money they could out of the letters, and then destroyed them.

Not having heard a word from England whilst I was in Portugal, as to whether I was to reach the Cape of Good Hope by Egypt, the Red Sea, and the Mauritius, or sail direct from England, (owing to my correspondent's letters being opened and destroyed), I was necessitated to look out for the first opportunity of returning home, to make from thence a fresh start.

Accordingly I got a government order to ship myself in the Pembroke steamer, proceeding to Plymouth with a Colonel de Gand, and a king's messenger carrying the quadruple treaty between England, France, Spain, and Donna Maria's government, which finished the war in Portugal and compelled Miguel to surrender at discretion.

We had, besides the above passengers, Mr. Gerard Gould and his lady on board, Miss Walsh, Mr. Wilmot, &c., and we anticipated a pleasant party and summer seas; but the faithless deep played us false, and though our captain

(Mathews) was extremely anxious to use expedition, and was withal very attentive and civil, his vessel, of two hundred tons burden and eighty-horse power, was altogether unable to cope with the winds and waves of the Bay of Biscay, and we had certainly a most extraordinary passage.

CHAPTER XI.

*Sail from Lisbon—Stormy Seas—Put into Cascaes—
Dangerous Situation—The Bar of Oporto—The
Douro—Oporto and Villa Nova—Scene of a severe
Skirmish—Walk through the City—Symptoms of a
Siege—Dry Food and strict Neutrality—Town's-people—
Their Sufferings—Man's-meat—Boys and Bullocks—
Churches—Serra Convent—Bomb-shells and Batteries—
A Landscape—Ride round the Lines—Lordello—The
Scotch again!—Dog's-meat—Sail from Oporto—Nearly
foundered in the Bay of Biscay—Put back for Corunna—
Put into Brest—The Town and Dock-yard—Miseries
of a King's Messenger—Arrive at Plymouth.*

AFTER a noisy night in the Tagus, taking in fuel, whilst the Portuguese coal-heavers vociferated incessantly (without which they cannot work) and every few minutes called out "A glass—rum, I say," we weighed, and steamed down to Belem, bidding adieu, but I hope not for the last time,

to Lisbon, and after a little delay, we got out to sea with a north-wester right in our teeth.

There was an immense swell rolling down the coast; we strained and laboured fearfully, and our bark sometimes rushed down headlong into the trough of the sea, and buried her bows in the foaming billows before she again rose trembling on the crest of the succeeding wave.

We persevered for a whole day to get past the Rock of Lisbon, but were quite unable; the wind, accompanied with lashing rain, increased upon us to a strong gale. I need not describe what state the most of the passengers were in, and we were at last obliged to "turn tail" and run into the Bay of Cascaes for shelter.

We went on shore here and inspected the strong fortifications, with three tiers of guns in the citadel; and Colonel de Gand visited the cell in which he had been confined for a couple of years by Miguel. The inhabitants of the town were gay and lively fishers; but as "borda d'agua" people, not over scrupulous in their sayings and doings.

Again we essayed to weather the storm, and after two days and nights of fearful pitching, and rolling, and jerking of the engines, we cracked a boiler and injured the machinery; accordingly we stood towards Oporto, and ere long saw the bar raging and defying us to approach it; and well it might, for the rain-swollen Douro was contending with a strong north-wester.

I never before saw such a surf as this, even at Madras, for it boiled up like a cauldron. The flag too was struck on the Foz light-house, which stood like a skeleton on the left of the entrance, shattered with shot and shell. Notwithstanding the warning to refrain from the attempt to cross the bar, our Bristol captain gave his vessel fore-try-sail, top-sail, and jib, set on all steam, and standing on the larboard paddle-box, with his speaking-trumpet directed the steersman towards the bar.

Not a word could be heard on deck for the noise of the waves, which threatened to bury us; and at last one came in heavily over the stern, which was followed by a scream of dismay from

below ; but as it swept over us without putting out our fires, we soon breathed freely, and found ourselves in smooth water after passing close to some black and ugly rocks, and escaping the perils of the shifting sands. For those who like strong excitement, the bar of Oporto in a westerly gale, with the majestic Atlantic swell rolling over it, is particularly recommended.

On our right we saw the crown battery, and others erected by the Miguelites to sink vessels entering the river, and many a ship and boat's crew suffered in 1832-3 from their destructive fire. The Foz batteries opposite were in the possession of the queen's troops.

The Douro is not a broad river, but it winds beautifully among steep cliffs and wooded promontories, till the town of Oporto, seated high on the left and connected with the picturesque suburb of Villa Nova on the right by a bridge of boats, absorbs the attention.

We anchored opposite to where a heavy loss was sustained by the queen's troops, in an attempt to carry off wine-pipes from the Villa Nova side.

The Miguelites came down upon them in overpowering numbers ; the boats with the casks had been all sent away and failed to return in time ; four hundred caçadores fell, whilst a few hid themselves in sewers, only to be drowned by the rising tide.

Looking up the river, the celebrated Serra Convent (so hardly contested for by Miguel during the siege) was seen, on its hill, two hundred feet above the river.

I was all impatience to land and visit the scenes so well described by the gallant Colonel Hodges. Rowing past numerous merchant-vessels, newly christened with Constitutional names, we landed and walked, by the street facing the river, towards the walls, and observed, here and there, where a round shot had smashed through walls and windows ; though the glaziers and other workmen had not been idle in repairing breaches, since Miguel had abandoned his lines.

In ascending a steep street, we were struck with the superior cleanliness of this city and the industrious habits of the people, and then were

pleased to reach the Rua Nova des Inglezes, where our countrymen were collected on 'Change.

After the quantities of shot and shell which had been recently expended on Oporto, I imagined that I should see the city a mass of ruins; there were many shot-marks, certainly, opposite the Villa Nova side, but it was not till I could see from a height the destruction to the roofs by the shells, that I had an idea of what the inhabitants had suffered during the year's bombardment.

It is well known that they subsisted principally on rice and salt-fish during the siege; but there was never a sufficient supply of this food, and I was assured by an English officer that for eight months he never knew what it was to have his appetite satisfied; and though he is always a moderate feeder, yet for the above time he felt constantly a gnawing hunger; or, as the Kentuckians elegantly express it, "very considerable wolfish."

A Portuguese officer had another grievance. "You know well," he said to me, "that our people don't like dry food; in the spring of last year our oil was all expended, and we could swal-

low with difficulty our rice. I was acquainted with the captain of one of your men-of-war lying in the Douro, and I said to him one day, 'I want to make a bargain with you ; we are choked with our dry rice, and if you will get me (which you can easily do) one bottle of oil for myself and messmates, I'll give you a dozen of the best Port that is to be found here.' The captain said he would ; accordingly next day I got the wine, and went for the oil. The captain said, 'Call again to-morrow.' I did so, when he told me, 'In a week I'll be able to get you the oil ;' at the end of which time, when he was making more excuses, I asked him if he meant to give me the oil or not, for the wine was all ready for him. 'To tell you the truth,' said he, 'I must not give you any oil, not even a bottle of it ; we must, you know, preserve a strict neutrality.' *Mil diabos* (a thousand devils) take his neutrality ! I never spoke to him afterwards."

As Oporto was far cleaner than Lisbon, so were the people better dressed and better looking ; the intelligence of the merchants, too, is as

that of many thriving sea-ports compared with manufacturing towns. Many of the country-women wore black hats, like men ; and the wives and daughters of the shopkeepers clamped up and down streets, in painted slippers with wooden soles.

It was a great pleasure to see the town's-people apparently so thriving and comfortable, especially when one thought on the dreadful acts perpetrated here by the French in 1809, when Soult allowed his soldiers twenty-four hours of indiscriminate massacre and licentiousness ; and then on the sufferings of the inhabitants last year from famine and deadly missiles.

As one instance of the state in which they were, we may mention the following anecdote. During the siege, an officer of rank of the British infantry could not prevent his men for some time from selling their rations for money, or *aguardente*. Respectable town's-people used to be seen approaching the barracks, for the purpose of buying the scanty allowance of meat from the men. One day a private, for some

reason or other, took a dog to the top of a tower, and throwing it over, it was killed; he then cut a slice off it, which he sold for beef. The hint was immediately taken; the officer desired some of his sergeants to kill two or three dogs, then to cut up the meat and sell it as beef to the town's-people, who had induced the soldiers to part with their rations and to disobey orders. This was accordingly done, and on the following day the people came for more; when the sergeants produced the dogs' skins and said, "We have no more meat to-day, but will you buy the skins?" This was quite enough; the people went off in disgust; and afterwards, when the soldiers took their rations to town and tried hard to sell them, they never could find a purchaser,—the Oporto people not being, like the Chinese, fond of bow-wow pie!

It was agreeable to walk the streets of Oporto, totally devoid as they were of unpleasant odours, and full of industrious tradesmen and pretty women. The peasant-boys, too, in straw dresses, for warmth and shelter from rain, were curious

specimens of the country, as they conducted with a goad their little clean-made bullocks, attached by antique and highly carved yokes to rude carts.

We had a most capital early dinner at a Café in the English street, and then visited the church Dos Clerigos, with its very handsome steeple—one of the loftiest in Portugal,—the Sé, or cathedral, on its hill opposite the Vittoria Church, also on a hill; then saw part of the old Moorish wall of granite, with a parapet of pointed merlins, and crossed the floating bridge to inspect the Serra Convent. There was every where in the principal building, the marks of very heavy fire; the strong iron stanchions of the windows were broken and bent by the force of shot, and the roofs penetrated with shells. Work-people were still employed strengthening the defences, and substituting stone revetments for turf ones; while round shot, grape, and canister were placed in readiness beside the guns.

From the long gallery of the dormitories, a most superb view was obtained of the city, proudly

rising from the Douro (which washes its lower wall) to a height of several hundred feet. A considerable reach of the river was also seen to the east and west, and the wine-district in the far distance of Alto Douro. Looking over a wall, from one of the platforms for musketry, toward the south, the fertile fields, orchards, and woods belonging to the monks were seen.

We hired horses and mules, and rode round the lines of Oporto, constructed by Don Pedro to repel the attempts of his brother to retake what he so carelessly abandoned in 1832. We first reached the lines at Bomfim, where there had been some desperate fighting, and could here trace the general plan of the works; which, similar to those of Lisbon, consisted of forts and batteries on eminences, connected with walls breast high, on the top of which were laid stones to fire between, or turfs, and in some places trees deprived of their branches were laid against the walls, as a sort of rude palisade. Casks with earth were every where used as defences, and it was curious to see the wild flowers growing

out of them and waving in the breeze, indicating that they had been some time filled.

It always surprises civilians to see field-works, their slight elevation and their apparent incapacity to stop an enemy's approach. Some engineers say that all cover ought to be removed in front of a work, but the opposite plan was often pursued with advantage at the siege of Oporto; thus, walls were left beyond the lines, so that the enemy advanced boldly as far as the cover of the wall and "blazed away" from behind it, without venturing to come any further.

We rode past the pleasant quinta of Senhor Vanzellar, a nice house in a garden surrounded with a high wall, within which were lofty trees; this was a very important post, and opposite to it we saw the lines of the Miguelites, which were also well planned and constructed by French engineers.

I felt much interested in visiting the village of Lordello, with its handsome church, stone cross, and houses with their vine trellises and gardens; for here my countrymen had been long

posted, and so closely were they invested all the time by the Miguelites, that a road and two walls only divided them, and if a button was shown, "ping" went a bullet at it immediately. I beg pardon of the general reader for speaking so often of my countrymen in this work; I cannot help showing my nationality. Pray take an anecdote, by way of making up the quarrel.

One day during the siege, a major of the Miguelites and two soldiers advanced very gallantly before the rest, in an attempt to storm the Scotch post; but they were shot dead, and their bodies, and some others, lay so near the lines, that they soon became very offensive. Some of the Scotch went to their colonel (Shaw), and asked leave to bury them; but he was, at first, unwilling to grant it, as the Miguelites were so inveterate in their opposition as to fire on unarmed burying-parties, and they might be shot. "Weel, sir," said the men, "let us at ony rate try to bury the brave little bodie of a major, and the twa lads that lie nearest us; *they* showed themselves to be gude sodgers." He granted

the request, and they accomplished their object. Some time afterwards, the colonel, in looking from the window of his quarters, saw some of his men seated in a circle on the grass, and a favourite dog of their's tied to a bayonet in the midst of them ; after a little time, a corporal and three men fell out and loaded their muskets ; he then thought it time to send down to know what was the matter. “ Oh sir, we've just been trying the dog by court-martial, and have condemned him, the ill-faured beast, for bringing in the major's hand in his mouth this morning.”

“ But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest all gathering there ;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay.”

After a delay of three days at Oporto, and our damage being repaired, we again crossed the bar and stood up the coast ; dark clouds hung over the hills, and rainbows formed close to our vessel and then, gradually receding, disappeared over

the romantic land of Iberia. The wind was strong and favourable till we got beyond Cape Finis-terre, and then, as we advanced into the Bay of Biscay, it came round more adverse than ever; and bearing down upon us with an irresistible charge of mighty waves, (while our funnel was covered with white crystallized spray, and we were occasionally almost entombed between roaring seas) we were forced to turn to save ourselves from foundering, and to fly before the storm towards Corunna.

With more moderate breezes, we got up near Brest; and then finding we had only one day's coals left, we stood towards that noble harbour, ran in a haze towards the Isle of Molene, and anchored when touching some dangerous rocks, while others, black and threatening, bristled above water all round us.

A pilot boarded us and took us by the Chanel de la Helle and the Chaussée des Pierres Noires, towards the Goulet de Brest; and passing up the narrow channel with its protecting forts, we anchored in the magnificent Rade.

The town on our left rose to some height from the water, and a few ships of war and merchant brigs lay off it. After some delay before we could get our yellow quarantine-flag struck, we were allowed to land; which we did, under a Moorish castle defending the entrance to the deep canal of three miles length, up which are closely packed ships—from the leviathan of 120 guns to the fairy schooner.

This was my third visit to France, and I thought that certainly Brest was one of the best specimens of a French town I had seen; it is remarkably clean and regular, the people respectably dressed, and very few beggars, though in this part of Brittany labourers in the country sometimes work for four-pence a-day.

And such a dinner as we had at the Table d'Hôte of the Hôtel de Provence! such exquisite cookery! Vegetables so well done, that they were eaten by themselves; whilst a grandmother of ninety winters, in a nicely crimped cap, went round kindly, and gave us snuff out of a massive silver tabatière.

“Life’s a dull dusty desert, waste and drear,
With now and then an oasis between,
Where palm trees rise, and fountains gushing clear,
Burst ’neath the shelter of that leafy screen;
Haste not your parting steps when such appear,
Repose, ye weary travellers, on the green;
Horace and Milton, Dante, Burns, and Schiller
Dined at a tavern—when they had “the siller.”

The price of provisions this summer is as follows:—eggs 3*d.* per dozen; cauliflowers 1*d.* per head; artichokes $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* ditto; asparagus $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* per bundle; butter 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per lb; strawberries 1 franc per basket; meat 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* per lb; fish, various prices, but very cheap; hares in winter, without skin, 8*d.*; partridges, a brace, 10*d.*; woodcocks ditto; chickens four for 3 francs.

The British consul, Mr. Perrier, one of the most active, intelligent, and obliging of men, purchased for our vessel for sixteen shillings,—10 lbs. of butter, 4 chickens, 12 artichokes, 6 cauliflowers, 12 bundles of asparagus, 3 baskets of strawberries, and a sack of peas, a load for a man.

The consul’s delightful residence, where we spent a day, one league from Brest, and in the

midst of a garden over looking the sea, he rented for £8 a-year.

The market was admirably regulated, and (what we require particularly at Covent Garden) an officer in cocked hat and cane walked continually about, to see that the lines of baskets were dressed, and that no leaves or refuse were thrown about. Peasants with long and sun-bleached hair floating about their shoulders, and in canvas frocks with hoods, stood behind fruit and vegetable baskets; whilst women, diligently knitting, in white caps and red petticoats, sat beside their country produce.

Pictures of Napoleon were seen every where about the town, and the battles in which the soldiers of "la grande nation" bore off the palm of victory under their idolized leader.

The military (among others the 29th regiment of the line) were dressed exactly in the same way as they have been for years; soldier-like but not very tasteful is the high cap with its horizontal peak, the single-breasted blue coat, red epaulettes and trowsers: the gendarmes in

cocked hats and yellow sling belts; and the marine corps in a "villainous low" crested helmet, square-cut blue jacket and trowsers. This last is quite a burlesque on uniform, and it is without exception the ugliest in the world, though I don't deny its being serviceable.

Through the kindness of the consul and the politeness of the admiral, we made a complete survey of the naval arsenal and of the ships of war in the canal of Brest. We first saw a long Algerine gun, set up as a pillar opposite a handsome range of store-houses; then pulling in a gig up the canal, saw several small vessels fitted with iron standing rigging, which I cannot conceive to answer either between the tropics where thunder-storms not unfrequently prove fatal to ships, or within the polar regions where frost makes iron so brittle.

We saw, among other vessels of note, the Wagram, three-decker, which had fought with Nelson, and the ships lately taken from the Tagus by the French fleet, and now liberally restored to Donna Maria. We saw also 3,000

galley-slaves, of all ages from 16 to 60; those in red frocks and red caps were sentenced for a limited period, whilst the green capped were for life: they brought us carved cocoa ornaments for sale.

We next inspected an excellent botanical garden, where the name of every plant was painted on a tin plate attached to a short staff; and also saw the new naval hospital, the rope-walk, &c., not forgetting the store for furnishing plainly and comfortably officers' cabins,—an excellent practice, and well worth imitation in our navy. Captains of British ships of war often get themselves into difficulties by furnishing their own cabins.

Again we got our steam up, and though the wind was still high and the sea rough, considering the time of year, we advanced on our voyage, not without many misgivings as to when or where we could reach, in our inadequate vessel, the shores of England.

It was possible to read, but altogether impracticable to write during any part of our voyage, owing to the triple motion,—rolling, pitching,

and quivering ; and it required a stomach of no ordinary strength to stand such weather as we had. Some of the passengers never got up at all ; the voyage was for them a purgatory of wretchedness.

The miseries of the king's messenger were among the most grievous, and he amused us by recounting former disasters at sea. King's messengers are generally very respectable men, and some of them are half-pay officers, though their station is often misunderstood, particularly afloat. "Our friend" had been sent on one occasion to the Mediterranean with an ambassador, and asking the captain of the frigate where he was to mess and sleep,

"Boatswain," says the captain, "take this man to your berth."

"Boatswain !" says the messenger ; "why that's the man that cracks 'em (flogs them) ; I can't mess with him. I'll report this to the Admiralty, sir."

"You may report it to the king, if you like."

Down went the indignant messenger, and his

hammock was hung in the cable-tier; and while the hands were rousting out the messenger of the cable, the king's messenger's leg got foul in a coil of the rope, and he was almost hoisted on deck, and was laid up for many days in his hammock with a sprained ankle. No one came to see him in his dark-hole, except a compassionate carpenter's wife, who occasionally soothed him with her company and rubbed his leg; while the Honourables Tom and John (midshipmen) baited him, and made faces at him whilst he lay helpless among the cables. He often earnestly wished that the ship would sink with every soul on board, except the ambassador's lady and child, and the carpenter's wife.

He sent his complaint to the ambassador, who said he would come and inspect the berth where the luckless messenger lay, and the captain immediately sent below to have it white-washed, cables and all; so that when his excellency went below, he merely said, "Oh! this is not so bad!"

When the messenger could walk, the admiral sent for him to see him.

"You don't look so ill," he said.

"But you do," said the messenger, unable to contain his anger; "you look very ill," (meaning ugly.)

"You must not judge of people by their looks."

"Sir, was this treatment for a person who is equal to a captain in the army?"

"Why equal?"

"Because he gets the same pay. Was this proper treatment, I say, to be sent to mess with the boatswain, and to sleep in the cable-tier? I must report it to the Admiralty!"

At long and last, it fell calm; the moon and stars were clearly reflected in the waters of the British Channel, and after one of the most harassing passages I ever experienced, (of sixteen days by steam from Lisbon, usually four), we joyfully landed at Plymouth.

CHAPTER XII.

On the present State and future Prospects of Portugal.

“MAY GOD PROSPER THE CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT OF PORTUGAL.”—*Canning.*

“HE who would form an idea of the valour of the Portuguese, let him contemplate the prodigious extent of the territories they have conquered,—the immense seas and promontories they have explored,—the hunger, thirst, cold, and fatigue they have endured,—the fierce, barbarous, warlike nations they have subdued,—the fortresses they have stormed,—the battles they have fought,—the victories they have gained.” Such is the language of a writer of the seventeenth century, and well may a Portuguese

feel proud while reflecting on the splendid deeds of his ancestors, and on the elevated station which his country once held.

By turning to the pages of her history he will find that she, at one time, possessed the coast of Africa from Ceuta to the Cape, and from thence to the Red Sea,—that her conquests in India extended from one extremity to the other,—that she held many valuable islands,—that the extensive and fertile Brazils owned her sway,—and that the wealth poured into her surpassed all then known. Indeed, so immense was her trade at one period, that not less than four hundred large native ships traded between Lisbon and South America alone.

But elated as he must feel in contemplating this brilliant era, so much the more humiliating must be the conviction, that her whole possessions now consist of Madeira, of the Azores, and of one or two misgoverned and unprofitable settlements on the coasts of Africa and India,—that her foreign shipping has dwindled to not more than fifty vessels,—that her trade has fallen,

almost wholly, into the hands of strangers,—that her once princely merchants are now few and poor,—and her inhabitants impoverished and dispirited. This is a dark picture, and excites our indignation against those (whether kings or subjects) through whom this fair portion of the globe has been so long oppressed.

Were there any peculiarity inherent in the present race of Portuguese, to incapacitate them from benefiting by those liberal and enlightened institutions, by means of which alone, we ourselves have attained our high rank as men and as a nation, all hope of their regeneration would fail. Late events, however, have proved that their ancient spirit still survives, and that undaunted perseverance and courage in the midst of dangers and difficulties continue their attributes.

In a country so long suffering under the infliction of tyranny,—from whence all but the name of religion has been eradicated, (and without sound and vital religion no happiness or freedom can be permanent), it is unreasonable to suppose that

the evils produced by ignorance and a continued system of misrule, can be immediately remedied. But who could have anticipated that almost before the conclusion of a contest commenced by a few thousand daring hearts in defence of the constitutional rights of a young queen, and against the cruel despotism of a perjurer and usurper,—with the mass of the people under the control of their most violent opponents,—the priests,—many of the most influential appointments still held by their enemies,—the country apparently exhausted by a protracted civil war; who, we repeat, could have ventured to hope that the leaders of this enterprise could have already accomplished the suppression of all convents, monasteries, and other ecclesiastical houses,—the abolition of that powerful and despotic body—the Wine Company of Oporto,—the conversion of Lisbon and Oporto into free ports,—and the substitution of a sound metallic for a debased paper currency?

These reforms must be productive of great good to the country. The first, by destroying

the deadening influence of the priesthood,—by restoring many to useful labour,—by the advantageous employment of much time and money at present expended in vain ceremonies,—and by rendering free much capital hitherto unprofitably engaged. The second, by reducing the wine of the Douro to its natural cost, by greatly extending and improving the produce of that and of other provinces. The third, by rendering Lisbon, especially, that which her local advantages and central situation point her out—a grand depot and mart for the produce of the northern and southern hemispheres. And the fourth, by establishing a sound currency, simplifying all commercial transactions.

To the late emperor, Don Pedro, a deep debt of gratitude is due by the Portuguese, for having achieved their liberation, for his inflexible adherence to the principles he professed, and to the men by whom he was supported in enforcing their operation; and we gladly seize this opportunity of offering our tribute of admiration to the minister of finance, José da Silva Carvalho; the

master-mind, to whom the glory of these patriotic and enlightened acts is due.

Fortunately for his country, Carvalho is impressed with the conviction that self-interest and the desire of acquisition are the predominant impulses in man; and that the sole duty of a government, after appropriating sufficient to secure the independence and to carry on the affairs of the state in the most efficient, but economical manner, is to allow the fullest scope to the energies and ingenuity of all, whether rich or poor, so long as there is no infringement on the just rights of others.

Should these principles continue for some time to be acted upon, we may rest satisfied, that like knowledge when once appreciated, their truth will become so firmly fixed, that every attempt to overthrow, will strengthen and extend them. The justice of these remarks has been proved by the late struggle, on the one hand to uphold despotism, and on the other to destroy it; and we may also observe that it requires no prophetic eye to foresee, that many similar contests will

ere long take place, unless rulers, "marking the signs," direct and lead that spirit which it were now madness to attempt to subdue.

There is probably no country in Europe concerning which so little correct information exists as about Portugal; nor can this be wondered at, when we learn that no official statistical document is published, nor any commercial information, excepting the list of wines annually shipped from Oporto. Not even is the amount of population known, different authorities estimating it at from three to five millions.

This renders any statements regarding either her actual produce, or her capabilities, exceedingly vague. It is true, that by referring to the Tables in the Appendix, we observe that in our own trade with her we have exported merchandise of a certain value and amount; but highly as we value figures as proofs, we conceive that this is one of the many instances in which is illustrated the correctness of Dr. Cullen's remark, that "there are more false facts than false theories current in the world."

Independent of the important occurrences which have for many years so rapidly succeeded each other in Portugal, affecting the natural course of commerce, these Tables afford a very erroneous view of her trade with this country. Official valuations bear but a slight approximation to actual value ; and a great proportion of “goods for Portugal,” are merely sent there, as they are to Gibraltar, to be smuggled into Spain.

Portugal enjoys a fine climate ; a soil, from a single province of which, it is calculated that sufficient corn could be raised for her whole population. It is known that she is rich in coal and other minerals, which only require a government enforcing perfect security of person and of property, to attract the means of rendering them available ; and in wines, fruits, cork-wood, &c., she abounds. Madeira, “the gem of the ocean,” and the Azores are also hers, all of which, blessed as they are with a profusion of nature’s richest bounties, might be sources of great wealth. Unfortunately for Portugal, she is deficient in navigable rivers and in lakes, to form canals to

facilitate internal traffick; her extent of inland contiguity to Spain must likewise be a constant source of expense, in guarding against invasion and smuggling.

The trade in wines being that of the greatest importance to Portugal, we shall now offer a few remarks upon it, with the view of showing the fallacy of the prevailing opinion, that Port is the wine naturally (as it is called) suited to our cold climate. It is certainly incomprehensible, how Portugal should not have previously introduced her wines into this country; but it is nevertheless true, that until after the breaking out of the war between France and England, in 1689, no trace can be discovered of this having been done. We read that at so early a period as 1372, two hundred vessels loaded wines at Bordeaux for London, and as far as we can discover, French wines constituted here, as now in the north of Europe, almost the whole consumption.

How they, at present, form only about four per cent. of all used in this country, is no mystery. Virulent as the hatred was, which prevailed

among the present generation during the late war with France, we doubt whether it was not exceeded by that of our ancestors at the end of the seventeenth century.

The following Table, showing that in the five years from 1692 to 1697, the duty on French wines was raised from 1s. $4\frac{1}{4}d.$ to 4s. $10\frac{1}{2}d.$ per gallon, or 265 per cent., while the increase on the wines of Portugal, during the same period, was only from 1s. $8\frac{1}{4}d.$ to 2s. $0\frac{3}{4}d.$ per gallon, or 22 per cent., explains very simply the cause of the expulsion of the former, and the substitution of the latter.

Still further to exclude French wines, in 1703 the Methuen treaty was entered into, by which we bound ourselves to admit the wines of Portugal at a duty one-third less than on those of France; she, in return, agreeing to receive our woollens, &c., at one-half of that which was imposed on those of other nations. It would be difficult to decide whether this injudicious treaty has caused the greater loss to ourselves or to Portugal, but assuredly, whether the commercial

or political effects be regarded, if the consequences be correctly analyzed, each should feel grateful that it no longer exists.

TABLE OF RELATIVE RATES OF DUTY ON FRENCH AND PORTUGAL WINES, FROM 1692.				
	Per Imp. Gall.		Per Imp. Gall.	
1692... French, 1s. 4½d. ... Portugal, 1s. 8¼d. ... French 20 ¤ Ct. less than Portugal.				
1693	-	2 1½	1 8¼	- 25 more "
1697	-	4 10½	2 0¾	- 136 more "
1707	-	5 3	2 5¼	- 115 more "
1745	-	6 0	2 9¾	- 113 more "
1782	-	9 2	4 4½	- 109 more "
1786	-	4 10	3 1½	- 55 more "
1804	-	13 9	9 1¼	- 51 more "
1825	-	7 3	4 10	- 50 more "
1831	All wines (excepting Cape) 5s. 6d. per imperial gallon.			

We are not now advocating the superiority or the inferiority of the wines of either country ; this we conceive is a matter of taste, and with which no government ought to interfere. Its duty is solely that of collecting revenue, and it may be assured that all other meddling with commerce only causes a loss of capital to the nation, either by compelling it to have recourse to dear markets, and consequently to give more of its labour for that which it requires, than if left to itself it would do; or, which is equally injurious, by directing its industry to objects different from those to which it would otherwise have applied itself.

Did our space permit, we could prove the truth of the statements here made, by tables illustrative of the effects of prices and various incidental causes for many years past; from which, among other curious facts, it would be seen that Portugal wines, which formed 77 per cent. of all used in 1784, amounted to not more than 41 per cent. in 1833; and that Spanish wines, during the same period, have risen from 18 to 36 per cent.

Restricting ourselves to the subject of Port, we may remark that we attribute the deterioration of quality and enhancement of price, in a great measure, to a powerful body of individuals who have exercised a most despotic sway, little to their own advantage, but with most injurious effects to their country and to individuals. This was a joint stock company, established by the Marquis de Pombal, in 1754, at the solicitation of a number of wine-growers and others in and about Oporto; professedly, to improve the wines of the district,—but in reality, from jealousy of the English merchants established there, and in whose hands was the great proportion of the wine trade.

This body gradually acquired such an immense influence, that on various pretexts, it assumed to itself the whole management of what has long been called the wine district, on the banks of the Alto Douro, comprising many fine, but also inferior vineyards; and excluded, and even destroyed, the vines on surrounding grounds. Besides this, they selected what they chose

throughout the district, at their own price,—monopolized the sale of all wine to the taverns,—decided how much of the vintage was to be considered “approved” for exportation, rejecting the remainder (though much of it probably superior to the “approved,”) and after fixing a low price, purchasing it themselves and bringing it into their own stores,—retained in their own hands the distillation of brandy, which others were obliged to supply themselves with greatly above its proper cost,—and various other evils which the corruption of their own servants alone prevented from producing the extent of injury they otherwise must have done.

The beneficial effects of the abolition of this corporation are already exemplified in a manner, which, under a sound and efficient government, we doubt not will be extensively followed in the prosecution of many branches of trade, and will lead to the introduction of British capital and ingenuity. Several new establishments have been already formed at Oporto, and a spirit has been infused into all, from which we are justified

in anticipating every improvement (and much is required) in the quality of the wine, that skill, energy, and capital can accomplish. All this cannot be attained at once; but if peace continue, it appears inevitable that a greater quantity of fine wines, and at much lower prices, must be procurable in a few years.

We may also add that the soil and climate of Portugal being so peculiarly adapted for the growth of the vine, and no reason being apparent why the vineyards in the neighbourhoods of Lisbon and Oporto are in such especial repute, excepting on account of the protecting influence of these cities, we may fairly hope that, under a good government, those of other parts may be improved, and with the natural advantages so lavishly bestowed on this country, may yet form a source of wealth and of enjoyment to her inhabitants.

APPENDIX.

FROM a desire to present an authentic statement of facts illustrative of the commercial transactions between this country and Portugal and her insular possessions, we have extracted all the information procurable from official and other sources, the result of which, meagre and unsatisfactory as it is, we now offer in the following Tables.

Our motive in introducing the “Manifesto of the Portuguese Nation to the Governments and the People of Europe, in 1820,” is the conviction that the truths contained in that dignified appeal require only to be known, to dispel much of the obloquy so unjustly heaped upon the Portuguese.

We have endeavoured to show what they were in former times, and nothing but the consciousness of *trust reposed*, now restrains us from applying the only terms we consider appropriate, to those, whose policy it has ever been (hitherto too successfully) to repress, by force and by treachery, all attempts on the part of their fellow-creatures to emancipate themselves from a state of abject submission and moral degradation.

TABLE I.

GENERAL EXPORTS FROM BRITAIN.

YEAR.	WOOLLEN GOODS. Declared Value.	COTTON YARN. Declared Value.	Wrought and Un- wrought Iron and Steel. Declared Value.	Hardware and Cutlery. Declared Value.
	£	£	£	£
1815	727,805	20,628	61,630	47,243
1816	568,453	9,775	51,795	28,931
1817	572,662	10,147	36,228	26,201
1818	381,613	17,400	47,822	32,505
1819	412,416	11,442	43,159	35,993
1820	426,852	13,401	55,299	22,104
1821	386,948	18,517	47,343	27,911
1822	342,814	18,502	39,399	28,105
1823	285,625	9,320	43,355	27,827
1824	475,685	17,146	35,118	27,896
1825	360,461	17,700	51,842	32,007
1826	349,931	22,365	67,288	31,363
1827	263,654	16,252	48,211	28,674
1828	163,861	10,739	40,051	16,714
1829	251,425	14,147	44,961	19,102
1830	220,603	14,276	35,523	19,714
1831	161,128	17,683	<i>not given</i>	<i>not given</i>

TABLE II.

COTTON MANUFACTURES EXPORTED FROM BRITAIN.

	PLAIN COTTONS.		PRINTED COTTONS.		Hosiery and Small Wares. Declared Value.	TOTAL. Declared Value.
	Yards.	Declared Value.	Yards.	Declared Value.		
1820	7,946,405	£ 347,318	7,597,933	£ 425,374	£ 20,133	792,825
1821	14,635,967	629,213	10,429,497	529,561	20,053	1,178,827
1822	16,132,720	565,338	11,155,591	487,137	21,080	1,073,555
1823	12,914,488	379,534	7,174,524	324,067	16,491	720,092
1824	15,762,582	450,736	9,589,200	392,652	24,301	867,689
1825	13,085,277	353,460	8,009,029	329,755	19,191	702,406
1826	12,225,984	290,766	7,271,045	279,376	14,693	584,835
1827	15,747,660	380,158	10,499,000	377,534	17,648	775,340
1828	13,075,811	282,304	6,044,823	227,559	12,057	521,920
1829	16,901,798	337,202	8,769,152	321,633	13,522	672,357
1830	13,673,967	307,293	8,545,697	309,410	13,408	630,111
1831	15,902,961	320,957	8,824,177	284,662	14,514	620,133

TABLE III.

DECLARED VALUE OF BRITISH, COLONIAL, AND FOREIGN
PRODUCE EXPORTED FROM BRITAIN.

Articles Exported.	1827.	1828.	1829.	1830.
	£	£	£	£
Cotton Goods . . .	775,340	521,919	672,357	630,111
Cotton Yarn . . .	16,255	10,739	14,147	14,276
Woollen Goods . . .	263,836	164,484	251,691	220,739
Linen Goods . . .	49,861	41,555	39,346	36,056
Silk Goods . . .	7,732	2,994	4,044	5,085
Articles of Food, chiefly Butter & Cheese	115,976	115,598	98,823	105,614
Hardware, Cutlery, Wrought and Unwrought Iron and Steel, &c. &c.	109,161	73,924	88,344	77,962
Salt, Soap, and Can- dles	18,180	3,939	13,070	14,602
Apparel	19,073	10,493	11,210	8,901
Glass	14,800	10,985	11,785	4,596
Leather	10,641	10,653	9,433	9,777
Books & Stationary	8,254	4,806	4,145	3,855
Painters' Colours . .	6,830	6,120	6,013	4,501
Coals	5,030	2,716	2,397	2,295
Earthenware . . .	3,394	4,877	5,084	5,394
Cordage	2,278	320	5,971	345
Saddlery & Harness	1,011	739	573	81
Plate and Jewellery	1,345	1,309	616	561
Unenumerated . . .	37,644	24,586	28,873	24,014
	1,466,641	1,012,756	1,267,922	1,168,665
Foreign & Colonial	68,665	59,400	60,940	45,203
	1,535,306	1,072,156	1,338,862	1,213,868

TABLE IV.

AMOUNT OF BRITISH IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

Year.	Value of Imports, including Wine.	Value of Exports.
	£	£
1814	1,818,610	3,319,556
1815	1,844,838	3,008,017
1816	982,618	2,185,487
1817	1,622,207	1,958,507
1818	2,073,636	1,623,428
1819	1,368,687	1,712,714
1820	1,388,863	1,738,130
1821	1,485,699	2,223,321
1822	1,690,083	1,960,130
1823	1,627,974	1,516,686
1824	1,411,200	1,842,531
1825	2,471,557	1,613,761
1826	1,644,891	1,462,293
1827	1,620,974	1,535,306
1828	1,945,178	1,072,156
1829	1,208,409	1,338,862
1830	1,017,252	1,213,868
	27,222,676	31,324,753
Average of 17 Years.	1,601,334	1,842,632

Although Wine is the chief article of import from Portugal and her possessions, yet there being no official valuation placed upon it, the amount is wholly omitted in all papers presented to Parliament. In order to exhibit a more correct view of the total importations, we have found it necessary to estimate each pipe @ 35*l.*, which causes an addition of not less than a *million annually* to the amounts elsewhere found.

TABLE V.

ANNUAL CONSUMPTION OF ALL WINES FROM 1784 TO 1833.

	Portugal.	Spanish.	Madeira.	Teneriffe.	Sicilian.	Cape.	French.	Rhenish.	Total Gallons.	Population.
1784 to 1786	2,602,110	619,920				..	97,230	31,080		
1787 - 1794	4,180,890	921,270	196,140	20,370	5,460		179,970	20,790	5,524,890	
1795 - 1796	4,035,570	1,366,785	100,380	26,670	16,500		65,100	735	5,605,740	
1797 - 1802	4,136,580	1,058,820	167,790	22,050			53,760	10,710	5,449,710	10,942,646
1803 - 1804	3,718,890	1,303,260	248,955	28,980	17,430		75,810	4,515	5,397,840	
1805 - 1814	3,773,070	1,464,120	353,850	200,340	123,690		90,930	9,030	6,015,030	12,609,864
1815 - 1820	2,525,460	828,450	359,940	175,770	55,020		156,450	21,420	4,564,140	
1821	2,343,509	959,864	400,476	160,350	69,102	572,131	159,462	21,991	4,686,885	{ 14,391,631 6,801,827
1822	2,375,210	967,149	341,916	129,620	66,025	538,847	168,732	19,500	4,606,999	Ireland.
1823	2,492,212	1,078,922	323,734	123,036	79,686	555,119	171,681	20,670	4,845,060	
1824	2,512,343	1,217,034	297,479	117,428	77,085	595,299	187,447	25,976	5,030,091	
1825	4,200,719	1,830,975	372,524	167,108	134,699	670,639	525,579	107,299	8,009,542	
1826	2,833,688	1,622,580	286,275	134,445	140,318	630,436	343,707	66,994	6,058,443	
1827	3,222,192	1,908,331	300,295	152,938	156,721	698,434	311,289	76,161	6,826,361	
1828	3,307,021	2,097,628	272,977	137,553	186,537	652,286	421,469	86,905	7,162,376	
1829	2,682,084	1,964,162	229,392	101,699	219,172	579,744	365,336	76,396	6,217,652	
1830	2,869,608	2,081,423	217,138	101,892	252,513	535,255	308,294	68,322	6,434,445	
1831	2,707,734	2,089,532	209,127	94,803	259,916	539,584	254,366	57,888	6,212,264	{ 16,537,398 7,784,536
1832	2,617,405	2,080,099	159,898	72,803	254,251	514,262	228,627	38,197	5,965,542	Ireland.
1833	2,596,530	2,246,085	161,042	69,621	312,993	545,191	232,550	43,758	6,207,770	

Note to Table V.

From 1784 to 1820, we have no means of ascertaining the actual amount of Wine retained for home consumption; but, by deducting the Exports from the Imports during a series of years, the average annual remainder affords a tolerably just idea of the quantity used. From 1821 to 1833 we are enabled to state this exactly, and likewise to include the consumption of Ireland, of which all we know during the previous period is, that it averaged, from

1787 to 1790,.....1,117,556 Galls.

1797 to 1800,.....1,238,512 „

1807 to 1810,.....1,127,200 „

Our object in stating the amount of population, is to afford the means of estimating the proportionate quantities used at different periods.

MANIFESTE

DE LA NATION PORTUGAISE AUX SOUVERAINS, ET
AUX PEUPLES DE L'EUROPE. 1820.

La nation Portugaise, animée du désir le plus sincère et le plus ardent de maintenir les relations politiques et commerciales qui l'ont unie jusqu'à présent à tous les gouvernemens de l'Europe, et ayant encore plus à cœur de continuer à mériter, dans l'opinion des hommes les plus éclairés de tous les pays, l'estime et la considération qu'on n'a jamais refusées au caractère loyal et plein d'honneur des Portugais, trouve qu'il est d'une nécessité indispensable de soumettre au public, l'exposition succincte, mais franche, des causes qui ont amené les événemens mémorables arrivés depuis peu en Portugal, du véritable esprit qui les a dirigés, et de l'unique but où tendent les changemens qui se sont opérés et doivent s'opérer encore touchant la forme intérieure de son administration; pleine de confiance que cette exposition, en rectifiant les fausses idées que peut-être on a conçues sur les dits événemens, lui méritera l'attention bienveillante des souverains et des peuples.

Toute l'Europe connaît les circonstances extraordinaires qui, dans l'année 1807, forcèrent Dom Jean VI., alors Prince Régent du Portugal, à passer avec sa famille royale

à ses domaines trans-atlantiques ; et quoiqu'on reconnût alors que cette résolution de sa majesté devait avoir les résultats les plus avantageux pour la cause générale de la liberté publique de l'Europe, on prévint néanmoins généralement l'état critique où se trouverait le Portugal par l'absence de son prince ; et les faits ultérieurs ont prouvé jusqu'à l'évidence, que cette prévoyance n'était ni vaine ni téméraire.

Le Portugal, séparé de son souverain par la vaste étendue des mers, privé de toutes les ressources de ses possessions d'outremer et de tous les bénéfices du commerce par le blocus de ses ports, dominé dans l'intérieur par une force ennemie qu'on jugeait alors invincible, semblait toucher au dernier terme de son existence politique, et ne devoir plus entrer dans la liste des nations indépendantes.

Dans une crise si alarmante, ce peuple héroïque ne perdit ni l'honneur, ni le courage, ni la fidélité pour son roi, parce que ces sentimens ne pouvaient lui être arrachés du cœur par la violence des circonstances, ni par la force supérieure de l'ennemi. Ils se manifestèrent en effet de la manière la plus énergique, aussitôt que l'occasion favorable se présenta. Les Portugais, avec les secours de leurs alliés, conquirent, aux dépens des sacrifices les plus pénibles, leur propre existence politique ; ils rendirent à leur monarque, avec une généreuse loyauté, son trône et sa couronne ; et l'Europe impartiale doit avouer (quoique cette justice ne lui ait pas toujours été rendue) qu'elle leur doit aussi, en grande partie, les triomphes qu'elle a depuis obtenus, en faveur de la liberté et de l'indépendance des trônes et des peuples.

Il est plus facile d'imaginer que de décrire l'état intérieur du Portugal après des circonstances si étranges, des efforts si extraordinaires, et un renversement si universel et si absolu.

Sa population, dont la ruine fut commencée par l'emigration des habitans qui avaient suivi le prince, ou avaient

cherché à échapper à la méfiance soupçonneuse ou à la poursuite systématique de l'ennemi, reçut encore deux funestes atteintes par les invasions de 1809 et 1810, et par les pertes inévitables d'une guerre opiniâtre de sept ans.

Le commerce et l'industrie, qui ne peuvent jamais prospérer qu'à l'ombre bienfaisante de la paix, de la sûreté, et de la tranquillité publique, avaient été non-seulement méprisés et abandonnés, mais semblaient entièrement détruits par la franchise sans bornes accordée aux vaisseaux étrangers, dans tous les ports du Brésil ; par le funeste traité de 1810 ; par la décadence des fabriques et des manufactures nationales, qui en était la suite ; par l'extinction presque totale de la marine marchande et militaire, et par le manque absolu de toute sorte de mesures protectrices de ces deux branches importantes de la prospérité publique.

L'agriculture, base fondamentale de la richesse et de la force des nations, privée des bras que la guerre lui enlevait, dénuée des capitaux qui l'alimentent, et qui peut-être avaient été employés à des objets de plus urgente nécessité, privée des secours et de la force vitale que lui donnent l'industrie nationale et l'activité du commerce, tant interne qu'externe, gisait dans un abattement mortel, et n'offrait plus au spectateur étonné que le triste tableau de la faim et de la misère.

La sensible diminution des revenus publics, causée par la ruine de la population, du commerce et de l'industrie, par la perte irrévocable des grands capitaux que la violence de l'ennemi avait extorqués des mains des Portugais, et par les énormes dépenses de la guerre, en obligeant la nation à contracter des dettes nouvelles et considérables, pour l'amortissement desquelles ses ressources ne suffisaient pas, avait achevé de porter le dernier coup au crédit public, déjà chancelant par la malversation scandaleuse des agents du fisc, et plus encore par le système vicieux de l'administration.

Si les Portugais n'avaient aimé et respecté leur prince et son auguste dynastie d'une espèce d'amour et d'idolâtrie presque religieuse, s'ils n'avaient pas voulu ne recevoir que de sa justice et de sa bienfaisance les réformes et les améliorations publiques qu'exigeait impérieusement un pareil état de choses, il leur eût été bien facile, à cette époque, de mettre des bornes à son pouvoir, et de lui dicter les conditions que demandaient des circonstances si urgentes. Ils n'ignoraient pas leurs droits : la tendance générale de l'opinion, dirigée par les lumières du siècle, et plus que suffisamment manifestée parmi les peuples les plus civilisés de l'Europe, les invitait à faire usage de ces droits que leurs aïeux avaient déjà reconnus et exercés dans des circonstances moins impérieuses : l'armée, victorieuse et triomphante, aurait appuyé de si justes prétentions, et la nation serait aujourd'hui libre, ou certainement moins infortunée.

Mais le caractère des Portugais ne sut jamais se démentir. Ils aimèrent mieux espérer tout du prince que de donner à l'Europe, encore affligée des disgrâces passées, la spectacle d'une nation peu endurante et inquiète, ou paraître abuser de la facilité de l'occasion, pour se montrer remuans ou moins soumis. La souffrance silencieuse et paisible de leurs maux fut la base de leur conduite ; la confiance dans les vertus reconnues du prince, le fondement de leurs espérances.

Cependant, il faut le dire, ces espérances furent entièrement frustrées, et cette souffrance fut portée au plus haut degré où puisse arriver la patience d'une nation magnanime, qui sentait le vice de sa position, et qui n'ignorait point les moyens d'y remédier.

Pour preuve de cette pénible vérité, il n'est point nécessaire de renouveler ici le triste tableau du décroissement progressif du Portugal dans toutes les branches de son administration,

pendant les six années qui se sont écoulées depuis la paix générale de l'Europe jusqu'à présent. L'Europe tout entière l'a vu, ou l'a entendu raconter avec douleur, et les augustes souverains des différentes nations, doivent avoir été informés d'un si grand malheur par leurs ministres ou agens diplomatiques, qui, ayant appris dans l'histoire la splendeur, la gloire, et l'élévation où étaient autrefois parvenus les Portugais, auront sans doute été frappés d'étonnement et touchés de pitié de l'incompréhensible abaissement où était tombé ce peuple, qui n'est pas moins bien partagé que tout autre de l'Europe des dons et des bienfaits de la nature.

Sa population, déjà épuisée par les causes ci-dessus indiquées, continua à s'appauvrir par l'envoi forcé au Brésil de quelque milliers d'hommes, qui, après avoir exposé leur vie pour la patrie et pour le trône, après avoir mérité de goûter le repos dans la tranquillité de la paix, au sein de leur famille, ou de jouir dans leur pays natal le prix de leur dévouement et de leur courage, furent obligés de continuer dans l'Amérique méridionale les durs travaux de la guerre, et d'une guerre qui, faite à une si grande distance du Portugal, semble n'avoir porté ses coups que sur ce royaume, en attaquant de plusieurs manières les sources essentielles de sa vigueur, et en l'exposant en même temps aux entreprises d'une nation puissante, sa voisine, toujours sa rivale, et maintenant piquée, et même, d'après son opinion, offensée et outragée.

Le commerce, au lieu de la protection assidue que sa situation demandait, et qui aurait encore pu lui conserver un reste de vie, et le ressusciter peu à peu de la léthargie mortelle où il se trouvait réduit, n'obtint que de rares et chétives mesures, qui, n'étant point le résultat des combinaisons judicieuses du véritable état comparatif des relations commerciales des différens peuples de l'Europe, ni liées ensemble

et dépendantes d'un système général adapté aux circonstances actuelles, ou en rendaient les transactions chaque fois plus difficiles et plus compliquées, ou même tournaient directement à son préjudice, en faisant passer tous ses avantages à des mains étrangères, et détournant de son cours public des fonds qui auraient dû y être employés.

L'industrie n'était pas plus favorisée, et il n'y avait pas à espérer que son sort fût moins malheureux. Les Portugais virent et souffrirent que leurs fabriques et leurs manufactures fussent détruites, et presque entièrement anéanties ; que les produits de leur travail ne pussent soutenir la concurrence des produits étrangers ; que les meubles les plus simples de leurs maisons, leurs habits et leur linge d'usage le plus commun et le plus habituel, jusqu'aux chemises, jusqu'aux chaussures qu'ils portaient, tout leur fût fourni du dehors, et qu'ainsi d'innombrables familles d'artisans et d'ouvriers croupissent dans l'oisiveté et la misère : les Portugais virent et souffrirent que leurs vaisseaux marchands leur fussent saisis par les amis comme par les ennemis ; qu'ils fussent exposés aux insultes des pirates ; qu'ils fussent au point d'être enlevés à la vue même de leurs propres forteresses : les Portugais virent et souffrirent. . . . Mais pourquoi renouveler ici de si profondes et si sensibles douleurs ? Pourquoi rappeler des maux si connus et si universellement déplorés ? Qu'ils le disent les étrangers eux-mêmes ; qu'ils le disent, ceux-là mêmes qui tiraient parti de l'étonnante nonchalance du gouvernement Portugais, et qui assez souvent s'écriaient avec une noble franchise, " Que ce beau pays était digne d'un meilleur sort."

Au milieu d'un si grand abandon de tous les intérêts publics, il ne fallait pas s'attendre à voir l'agriculture obtenir l'attention et le soin que lui mérite son influence reconnue sur le bonheur des nations. La délicatesse Portugaise

rougit d'avoir à avouer de faibles secours fournis par la générosité d'une nation étrangère au soulagement de la classe la plus utile et la plus misérable; secours qui, ne pouvant être d'aucune utilité réelle par leur valeur ni par le mode de leur distribution, ne servirent qu'à découvrir aux yeux de l'Europe étonnée le profond abîme de misère où était plongé ce pays autrefois si riche et si opulent.

La Providence voulut favoriser l'agriculteur Portugais, en fécondant pour son salut le sein de la terre, et en lui accordant d'abondantes moissons: mais cette même faveur du ciel fut rendue inutile par les erreurs des hommes.

Le numéraire avait disparu de la circulation par la stagnation du commerce, par la ruine de l'industrie, par les sommes considérables qui tous les jours passaient sans retour à l'étranger en échange des articles indispensables à la consommation du pays, et par les remises régulières ou éventuelles qui se faisaient au Brésil sous différens prétextes et pour diverses applications; la stagnation et conséquemment la pauvreté publique arrivèrent à un tel point, qu'au milieu de l'abondance du blé, augmentée encore d'une importation excessive et imprudemment tolérée de cette denrée, le peuple mourait de faim; le laboureur abandonnait ses terres et ses travaux; tout le monde se plaignait d'une pénurie générale; et à chaque instant on craignait que le désespoir n'éclatât en tumultes, et que les tumultes ne dégénérassent en anarchie la plus complète et la plus horrible. Dans l'état où se trouvaient les principales sources de la prospérité et de la richesse nationale, il est facile de concevoir quel était celui du trésor et du crédit public. Non-seulement on conservait sans nécessité et sans diminution les anciennes dépenses proportionnées à la grandeur, à l'apparat, et au faste d'une cour qui n'existait plus en Portugal, mais on y en ajoutait d'autres également superflues et non moins exor-

bitantes, en même temps que la recette décroissait sensiblement, tant par les causes ci-dessus indiquées que par l'affreuse négligence ou la prévarication des administrateurs subalternes, à plusieurs desquels l'impunité assurait en quelque sorte la tranquille jouissance de leurs criminelles spéculations.

Tous ces maux s'accrurent encore des dépenses extraordinaires de quelques expéditions maritimes, destinées à fournir des troupes à la guerre désastreuse de l'Amérique méridionale, et des traites continuelles en argent effectif pour la solde ou l'entretien de la portion de l'armée Portugaise qui y était détachée; dépenses qui, tirant sans retour des sommes considérables de la circulation du pays, portaient la plus nuisible influence sur la valeur du papier-monnaie, dont l'agiotage devenait chaque fois plus désavantageux et plus ruineux.

Les employés, le corps militaire, les meilleurs et les plus utiles serviteurs de l'état, souffraient un retard extraordinaire dans le paiement de leur salaire bien mérité, et en même temps que ce délai réduisait les uns à la détresse et au désespoir, il excitait les autres à éclater en clameurs dangereuses ou à se livrer aux excès de la plus funeste vénalité et de la corruption.

Les créanciers de l'état invoquaient en vain la foi publique et l'accomplissement des promesses sacrées qui leur avaient été faites, et sur lesquelles seules reposaient le crédit du trésor, et l'espérance de nouvelles ressources quand elles deviendraient nécessaires.

Enfin on en était au point que le trésor, ayant dernièrement eu besoin d'ouvrir un emprunt de quatre millions de crusades, quoiqu'il fût à espérer que la stagnation du commerce inviterait les capitalistes à se prêter à l'envi à une pareille négociation, qui semblait présenter un avantage assuré, par la valeur des hypothèques au paiement d'un in-

térêt régulier et à l'amortissement du capital, il ne fut pas possible, nous rougissons de le dire, il ne fut pas possible de le remplir, pas même quand le gouvernement, dépassant les bornes de la spontanéité qu'il avait d'abord annoncée, voulut y forcer les capitalistes et les propriétaires par la voie d'une distribution calculée sur l'évaluation de la propriété individuelle, et des revenus présumés de chaque maison de commerce.

Au milieu de tant de disgrâces dont la progression croissante accabla les Portugais pendant six années consécutives, il pénétrait encore parfois dans leur cœur quelque rayon d'espérance que le roi reviendrait au milieu d'eux entendre leurs plaintes, et apporter tous les remèdes possibles à des maux si intolérables. Ils connaissaient par expérience la bonté naturelle de son cœur, héritage de ses augustes aïeux, et le savaient toujours disposé à faire le bonheur des peuples de ses états ; c'était-là la source de la confiance qu'ils avaient qu'il préparait les réformes, les améliorations et les secours dont toutes les branches de l'administration avaient un si grand besoin. Sa majesté semblait avoir donné lieu, en diverses occasions, à cette flatteuse espérance.

Mais elle s'évanouit peu à peu, et les ministres de Rio de Janeiro, qui peut-être éloignaient de l'esprit du roi l'idée de la réaliser, souffraient même de mauvais gré qu'un citoyen, ami de sa patrie, osât manifester en public ses opinions sur un pareil objet, et indiquer les avantages qu'il y aurait à rétablir en Portugal le siège de la monarchie.

C'est ainsi que les Portugais commencèrent à perdre l'espoir de l'unique ressource et du seul moyen de salut qui parût encore leur rester au milieu de la ruine presque consommée de leur chère patrie. L'idée de l'état de colonie, où le Portugal se trouvait en effet réduit, affligeait extrêmement tous les citoyens qui conservaient encore un sentiment

de dignité nationale. La justice était administrée du Brésil à des peuples fidèles de l'Europe, c'est-à-dire à la distance de deux mille lieues, avec des dépenses et des lenteurs excessives, et quand la patience des sujets était déjà fatiguée et épuisée par d'ennuyeuses et peut-être d'iniques formalités.

Les représentations adressées au trône, et qui ne pouvaient plus être accompagnées des importunités ni des larmes des prétendants, étaient souvent détournées des yeux et de l'attention du roi, et abandonnées à l'arbitraire des ministres et des favoris. Tous enfin connaissaient l'impossibilité absolue de mettre en marche régulière les affaires publiques et particulières d'une monarchie, à une si grande distance du centre de ses mouvemens ; mouvemens en outre plusieurs fois suspendus ou retardés par la malignité des hommes, la violence des passions, et même par la contrariété des élémens. Cette même distance, en rendant difficiles les plaintes des peuples et des individus opprimés, rendait plus hardie l'iniquité des mauvais administrateurs de la justice et des infidèles dépositaires de quelque portion que ce fût de l'autorité publique. La basse vénalité avait tout corrompu. L'ambition, l'avarice, l'égoïsme insensé, avaient pris la place de l'amour de l'ordre public, de l'amour de la patrie, vertus jadis si familières au peuple Portugais, et les vrais mobiles des faits heroïques que l'Europe admire encore et admirera toujours dans l'histoire de cette grande nation. Tous les liens sociaux se trouvaient relâchés, tous les intérêts en contradiction, toutes les opinions en discorde, toutes les passions et les vices déchaînés, et un seul sentiment était commun à tous les Portugais, celui de leur profonde disgrâce ; tous les bons citoyens s'accordaient à former ce même vœu, celui de voir s'établir un nouvel ordre de choses, qui sauvât le vaisseau de l'état du terrible naufrage où il allait s'abîmer.

Que devait donc faire le peuple Portugais, une nation entière, dans une si extrême situation ? Souffrir et espérer ! Elle souffrit et espéra en vain bien des années. Gémir, représenter et se plaindre ! Elle gémit, et ses gémissemens ne furent point écoutés : que disons-nous “ *point écoutés !* ” ils furent réprimés ; ils furent cruellement suffoqués. Elle représenta et se plaignit, mais ses plaintes et ses représentations ne parvenaient point au pied du trône. On disait au roi que ses peuples vivaient contens et étaient fidèles. Oui, ils étaient et ils sont fidèles : aucune nation au monde n’a donné des preuves plus constantes d’amour à ses princes, de loyauté à ses monarques. A présent même ils ont juré, et ils jurent encore, à la face de l’Europe et du monde entier, la plus inébranlable fidélité à leur roi, et à son auguste famille, qu’ils aiment cordialement, qu’ils adorent. Mais ils ne vivaient pas contens, car le contentement ne peut jamais s’allier, dans une nation, à la pauvreté et à la misère, à la triste décadence de tous les établissemens utiles, à la perte de la dignité et de la considération publique, à l’ignorance systématiquement introduite et maintenue, à la ruine enfin de l’honneur, de la gloire et de la liberté nationale. Ils ne pouvaient être heureux, et voulurent l’être. Peut-on disputer à une nation ce droit et les moyens de l’exercer, de le mettre en usage ? Un peuple quelconque, grand ou petit, quelque association que ce soit d’hommes raisonnables, pourrait-il renoncer à ce droit inaliénable, pour s’asservir irrévocablement à l’arbitraire d’un ou de plusieurs hommes ; pour obéir aveuglément à un pouvoir illimité, à une volonté qui peut-être injuste, capricieuse, désordonnée ; pour se laisser entraîner dans l’abîme du malheur, sans faire un pas qui les détourne du précipice, sans un effort généreux pour se sauver ?

Le peuple Portugais en appelle au sentiment intime de

tous ses concitoyens, des hommes éclairés de tous les pays, des peuples de l'Europe et des augustes monarques qui les gouvernent.

Ce ne sont point, comme on le dit, les faux principes d'un philosophisme absurde et désorganisateur des sociétés ; ce n'est point l'amour d'une liberté illimitée, et inconciliable avec le véritable bonheur de l'homme, qui l'ont dirigé dans ses mouvemens patriotiques. C'est le sentiment profond de la disgrâce publique ; c'est le désir d'y remédier ; c'est la nécessité inévitable d'être heureux, et le pouvoir que la nature lui a mis en main d'employer les moyens propres à la devenir.

La nature a fait l'homme social pour lui faciliter les moyens de pourvoir à son bonheur, qui est la fin commune de tous les êtres raisonnables. Les sociétés ne peuvent exister sans gouvernement, la nature conseille donc l'existence de ce gouvernement, et autorise le pouvoir qu'il doit exercer ; mais un pouvoir subordonné à sa fin, un pouvoir limité par des lois sages. Un pouvoir qui cesse de mériter ce nom, pour prendre l'odieuse épithète de tyrannie, quand il sort de ses bornes naturelles, empêche, au lieu de la faire, le bonheur des peuples qui lui sont soumis.

De quelque manière que ce pouvoir ait été exercé sur une nation, par un ou par plusieurs, concentré ou partagé, limité par des lois expresses ou confié sans limites, ni la force des armes, ni les habitudes invétérées, ni le laps des temps ne peuvent jamais dépouiller cette nation de la faculté et du droit invariable qu'elle conserve toujours de revoir ses lois fondamentales, de redresser ses premiers pas, d'améliorer la forme de son gouvernement, de lui prescrire de justes bornes, et de le rendre utile à la masse des associés. Si la nation elle-même pouvait exercer en masse les pouvoirs du gouvernement ; elle ne les aurait pas illimités, parce-qu' aucune

société ne pourrait raisonnablement vouloir, approuver et autoriser son propre malheur et sa commune disgrâce.

Voilà les vrais principes qui ont dirigé les Portugais, qui les ont placés dans la nécessité indispensable et absolue d'élever unanimement la voix, non pour offenser ou dépriser leur prince, non pour le dépouiller, ou son auguste maison, des droits que lui ont acquis sur leurs cœurs tant de titres, surtout ceux de sa bonté, de sa clémence, de son amour pour ses peuples ; non enfin pour placer sur le trône la licence, l'immoralité, l'absurde et barbare anarchie ; mais pour donner à ce trône les bases solides de la justice et de la loi ; pour le mettre à l'abri des pièges de la flatterie, des manœuvres de l'ambition, des ruses de l'arbitraire ; pour le rendre plus ferme sans pouvoir être injuste ; pour le placer à égale distance des excès violens du despotisme, et du danger non moins funeste de la mollesse et de l'insouciance.

Tels étaient les vœux de tous les Portugais, quand ils proclamèrent la nécessité d'une constitution, d'une loi fondamentale qui réglât les limites du pouvoir et de l'obéissance, qui garantît à l'avenir les droits et le bonheur du peuple, qui rendît à la nation son honneur, son indépendance, et sa gloire ; et qui sur ces fondemens maintînt ferme et inviolable le trône de Dom Jean VI. et de l'auguste maison et famille de Bragance, et la pureté et la splendeur de la religion sainte qui à toutes les époques de la monarchie a été la devise la plus sacrée des Portugais, et a donné le plus noble éclat à leurs faits héroïques.

En vain on prétend calomnier ce généreux effort, en le taxant d'innovation dangereuse. Les hommes doctes et impartiaux, versés dans l'histoire des nations, savent bien que de tous temps les peuples opprimés ont reconnu le même droit, et l'ont souvent employé avec encore moins de réserve.

L'histoire même du Portugal en fournit des exemples, et la maison actuellement régnante doit à un pareil effort sa grandeur et sa plus haute gloire. Si la philosophie moderne a créé un système scientifique du droit public des nations et des peuples, elle n'a pas pour cela créé ou inventé les droits sacrés que la nature a gravés de sa propre main, en caractères ineffaçables, dans les cœurs des hommes, et qui ont toujours été plus ou moins développés, mais jamais entièrement ignorés.

Les Portugais donnèrent le trône en 1139 à leur fameux premier roi, et firent dans les états-généraux (cortès) de Lamego les premières lois fondamentales de la monarchie. Les Portugais donnèrent le trône en 1385 au roi Dom Jean I., et lui imposèrent des conditions qu'il accepta et garda. Les Portugais donnèrent le trône en 1640, à Dom Jean IV. qui respecta aussi et garda religieusement les franchises et les libertés de la nation. Les Portugais, jusqu'en 1698, ont toujours eu des états-généraux, où on traitait des affaires les plus importantes de la politique, de la legislature, et des finances ; et dans cette période, qui comprend plus de cinq siècles, les Portugais se sont élevés au fâite de la gloire et de la grandeur, et se sont rendus dignes du rang distingué que, malgré l'envie et la partialité, ils occuperont toujours dans l'histoire des peuples Européens. Ce qu'ils veulent donc aujourd'hui, ce qu'ils désirent, n'est point une innovation ; c'est la restitution de leurs anciennes et salutaires institutions, corrigées et appliquées suivant les lumières du siècle et les circonstances politiques du monde civilisé, c'est la jouissance des droits inaliénables que la nature leur a accordés, comme elle les accorde à tous les peuples ; droits qu'ils exerçaient, dont ils étaient jaloux, et n'ont été privés que depuis un siècle, ou par le système erroné du gouverne-

ment, ou par les fausses doctrines avec lesquelles les lâches adulateurs des princes ont confondu les véritables et saines notions du droit public.

Le nom de rebellion, la qualification d'illégitimité ont été également employés pour tenir la gloire des Portugais, pour rendre odieux leurs mouvemens patriotiques, pour attribuer au crime leur noble hardiesse. Mais la rebellion est la résistance au pouvoir légitime, et ce n'est pas un pouvoir légitime celui qui n'est pas réglé par la loi, qui n'agit pas suivant la loi, et ne tend point au bien des gouvernés, et à leur bonheur ; il n'y a d'illégitime que ce qui est injuste, et d'injuste que ce qui se fait sans droit ou contre le droit.

Avec de pareilles dénominations, Phillippe IV. chercha à décrier, dans les cours de l'Europe, le glorieux soulèvement des Portugais en 1640. La justice prévalut ; Dom Jean IV. cessa d'être rebelle et usurpateur ; les Portugais qui le firent roi furent des héros bien méritans de la patrie, et l'auguste maison de Bragance commença à faire les délices de la nation. Nous ne prétendons point mettre en parallèle cette époque avec la présente dans toutes ses circonstances. Nous sommes bien loin de vouloir comparer le caractère du roi Dom Phillippe IV. avec celui de Dom Jean VI. ; les sentimens du premier envers les Portugais,—avec les vertus qu'ils admirent eux-mêmes dans le second, avec la tendresse et la bienveillance qu'ils lui reconnaissent pour eux. Mais il n'en est pas moins vrai que la nation éprouvait dans les dernières circonstances la même pauvreté, la même décadence, les mêmes vices, la même oppression qu'à cette époque ; ses droits sont les mêmes ; leur développement, regardé alors comme légitime, ne saurait aujourd'hui être criminel.

Ceux qui attribuent ce développement, dans les circonstances actuelles du Portugal, aux résultats d'une faction,

honorent à coup sûr beaucoup trop ce nom, parcequ'il n'y a jamais eu de faction ni aussi sacrée dans ses principes, ni aussi désintéressée dans ses intentions, ni aussi modérée dans ses procédés, ni si unanimement désirée, approuvée, applaudie. Il n'y a jamais eu de faction qui, dans le court espace de trente-sept jours, changeât la face d'une nation entière, et d'une nation qui se pique de religion et de loyauté, sans répandre une seule goutte de sang, sans donner lieu à la moindre insulte contre l'autorité, à la moindre attaque contre les propriétés publiques ou particulières, sans occasionner la plus légère disgrâce ou le plus léger désordre, pas même un accident désagréable. Il n'y a jamais eu de faction qui excitât si justement l'admiration et méritât les applaudissemens des étrangers, qui l'ont vu commencer, qui ont observé son progrès et son esprit, et qui ne peuvent s'empêcher de rendre l'hommage qui est dû au caractère noble, généreux, et paisible des Portugais, comme ils ne pouvaient s'empêcher de s'apitoyer sur leur triste décadence et sur leur malheureuse situation.

D'après tout ce qu'on vient de dire, les Portugais ne sauraient douter que leurs mouvemens patriotiques ne doivent mériter non-seulement les égards les plus favorables, mais encore la plus juste louange, tant dans l'opinion publique des nations éclairées que dans les cabinets des souverains qui régissent les divers peuples de l'Europe.

Il serait assurément bien douloureux pour la nation Portugaise que de grands et puissans monarques, avec lesquels, elle a entretenu dans tous les temps des relations amicales, fidèlement et religieusement gardées et respectées, abusassent maintenant de leur force et de leur supériorité pour la subjuguier et lui imposer des lois, ou employassent leur influence pour réprimer le noble et courageux effort d'un peuple par trop humilié et malheureux, qui, se trouvant par sa position

géographique dans l'impossibilité d'étendre son pouvoir, de s'accroître par des conquêtes, de troubler les autres peuples dans la libre et paisible jouissance de leurs droits et de leurs institutions, ne peut que tenter et ne tente en effet que d'améliorer son sort, de réformer son administration intérieure, de recouvrer les droits sacrés que la nature lui a accordés, dont il a joui et dont aucun pouvoir ne doit le dépouiller ; et enfin de rendre à la couronne de son auguste prince l'indépendance, la splendeur, et la gloire qui dans des temps plus heureux formaient son plus bel ornement.

Jamais la nation Portugaise ne s'est mêlée des affaires intérieures des autres nations de l'Europe. Elle reconnaît et respecte les droits qui appartiennent aux peuples indépendans, et doit espérer que les siens seront également reconnus et respectés par la même raison. Comment donc pourrait-elle voir sans douleur qu'au mépris de ces droits on abusât du pouvoir et de la force, pour la tenir dans l'humiliation et l'abattement, pour la rendre victime d'un pouvoir illimité et arbitraire, et pour lui enlever le rang distingué que les qualités éminentes de ses habitans lui assignent parmi les nations civilisées ? Est-il possible que ceux-là mêmes qui naguère dédaignaient la nation Portugaise à cause de sa décadence, et qui voulaient presque la reléguer aux frontières de l'Afrique, entreprennent aujourd'hui de la forcer à rester dans cet état d'abjection ?

La prudence reconnue, la sagesse, et la magnanimité des princes de l'Europe ; le respect qu'ils professent pour les principes sévères de la morale publique et d'une justice impartiale ; la juste déférence à l'opinion générale des hommes libres de toutes les nations, et même la considération particulière que doit mériter un peuple illustre, à qui le monde moderne doit en grande partie sa civilisation et ses progrès, sont à la vérité des motifs de confiance pour

la nation Portugaise, et ne lui permettent pas de douter des dispositions pacifiques des souverains, qui à la face de l'Europe ont établi pour base de leurs procédés les saintes maximes de la fraternité universelle, si recommandées dans le code sacré de l'Évangile.

Néanmoins, si malgré toutes ces considérations leur espérance se trouve frustrée, les Portugais, après avoir invoqué l'arbitre suprême des empires comme témoin de leurs intentions, et comme protecteur de la justice de leur cause, emploieront pour leur juste et nécessaire défense tous les moyens et toutes les forces qu'ils ont à leur disposition ; ils soutiendront leurs droits avec toute l'énergie d'un peuple libre, avec tout l'enthousiasme qu'inspire l'amour de l'indépendance. Chaque citoyen deviendra soldat pour repousser l'agression inique, pour maintenir l'honneur national, pour venger la patrie outragée ; et à la dernière extrémité, ils verront ravager leurs champs, dévaster leurs provinces, réduire leurs habitations à la plus déplorable ruine, exterminer jusqu'à leur nom, plutôt que de se soumettre à un joug étranger ou de recevoir la loi des nations, qui lui sont à la vérité supérieures en forces et en pouvoir, mais qui ne le sont ni en honneur ni en dignité.

Un peuple qui veut être libre ne manque jamais de l'être. Ce principe adopté en théorie est dérivé de l'élasticité naturelle du cœur humain, et confirmé par des faits illustres de nos jours. Les cabinets de l'Europe sont assez clairvoyans pour juger jusqu'à quel point peuvent se développer les ressources d'un peuple vaillant et plein d'honneur, quand il se voit attaqué injustement dans ses droits les plus sacrés, et qu'il combat pour sa liberté et son indépendance. Les événemens récents de la dernière guerre ont montré à l'Europe étonnée que le caractère national des Portugais n'a point dégénéré de ce qu'il était du temps des

Romains et des Arabes, et à des époques plus modernes et non moins glorieuses. Il se déploierait donc avec autant d'énergie et de constance, quand ce peuple illustre aurait à défendre tout ce qu'une nation sensée et réfléchie peut regarder comme son intérêt le plus vrai et le plus solide. *Le peuple Portugais aura une juste liberté, parcequ'il veut l'avoir.* Mais si, par le plus grand des malheurs, la fortune lui refusait ce bien inestimable, il sera plutôt détruit que vaincu ou subjugué ! Aucun de ses concitoyens ne survivra aux ruines de sa patrie, aux ruines du bonheur public ! Mais que les monarques et les peuples prennent bien garde que l'injustice et l'immoralité d'une guerre, quelque heureux qu'en soient en apparence les résultats, ne manquent jamais de recevoir tôt ou tard leur châtiment, par les lois invariables de l'ordre éternel que le suprême arbitre du monde a prescrites à tous les êtres, et auxquelles ni la force, ni la grandeur, ni aucun pouvoir sur la terre ne sauraient jamais se soustraire !

It affords us great pleasure to be able to confirm the justice of the praise which we have bestowed upon the Minister—Carvalho, by adding the following Financial Statement, which has just been received from Lisbon.

December 1834.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

FAITHFUL to the promise which I made to this Chamber in my report, and as a sequel thereto, I have now the honour of presenting to you the estimates of the present year, by which you will see the expenditure and revenues on which we may probably reckon, as also the deficit for which your wisdom will have to provide.

This deficit may be in some degree reduced by the savings on which the Government is constantly meditating, and which it hopes to carry into effect at the proper season. It may likewise be reduced by means of the improvements that will be gradually established in the administration, collection, and fiscalization of the revenues of the State, both direct and indirect; but all this must be the work of time and of perseverance.

It is easy to imagine, that from this or that new method, a great augmentation of income may be obtained,—that in this or that branch of expenditure great savings ought to be effected; but in practice the case becomes very different,

and the result almost always falls very far short of our imagination. Reforms in the mass, when possible, are those which are adapted to produce some alteration: individual reforms are not worth the time spent upon them. Their result is always trivial, and generally founded on injustice and the invasion of acquired rights. The experience of past times, which it is so important to consult, affords us abundant proofs of this truth; and my conviction is, that whenever we are guided by facts rather than by theories, the fewer will be our errors.

The entire Chamber has the means of knowing from how many taxes the nation has been relieved, and on the other hand it is not ignorant of the great increase made to our public debt, for the purpose of freeing ourselves from the usurpation. To form a competent judgment of the relief of which I speak, it is sufficient to inspect the Estimates of the Commission of Public Credit. If solely in this partial branch the people have been exonerated from upwards of five hundred contos of reis of taxes, I think I shall not be guilty of exaggeration, if I affirm that the general reduction throughout the kingdom has been of such magnitude as to amount to many millions of crusados.

Let not the Chamber suppose, however, that I speak of this with the view of showing that it will be in our power to draw the deficit from the people by the imposition of new contributions. No; so differently do I think on this point, that I am convinced we should strike the last blow at the public revenue, were we now, by such a measure, to check the progress of the national prosperity. And what advantages would it not be requisite that a new tax, unknown to the country, should offer, to insure its passing the Chambers at the present moment?

Portugal pays a tax generally known by the name of

decima, which, should the country prosper as everything promises, ought, in my opinion, to be the only direct tax that should remain. If a good method be studied, if good statistics be adopted, that shall define with the greatest possible accuracy the respective classes of wealth, this tax will of itself yield more than all those that are found under the denomination of direct taxes ; and the time will come when it may be diminished according to the increase of the general wealth.

But let us leave these considerations for more fitting times. The country has suffered in so many ways, and misfortunes, particularly in some provinces, have weighed so heavily on agriculture and industry, that were we to think of imposing new contributions, or of augmenting the burden of those actually subsisting in these first three years, we must abandon every hope of re-establishment in the political body, and might assure ourselves that if this is now sick, we should bring it to the point of death. It is necessary to give it time and the means of gaining strength. It is necessary to give it life, and not to steal its life away.

But then some one may ask me whether I shall wish to continue resorting to what is called the depraved system of loans ? Likewise, no.

The loans which have been made during my administration were sanctioned by the absolute necessity of the case. With them we liberated the kingdom, and saved ourselves. Contracted in the midst of a civil war, I am bold enough to affirm that they produced a result of which there is no example in modern history.

I am not of opinion that loans are ruinous, and the death of states. The most opulent nation of Europe raised herself by means of them to the station she now

holds. She raised herself with the money of foreigners, which gave an opportunity for that of her own people to be in great part applied to undertakings of public utility, the profits accruing from which have been subsequently incalculable. Yes, whilst foreigners employed their capitals at four and five per cent. in the funds, which were to serve for the expenses of the war, the natives derived ten and twenty per cent. from enterprises in bridges, in canals, in steam-engines, in mines, and a thousand others, which at the same time that they directly enriched the parties interested, developed the germ of the agriculture, industry, and commerce of the whole world, whereby the country raised itself to an eminence above all its neighbours.

There, even at the present day, remain upwards of a hundred millions of crusados of our fellow-countrymen, reduced to receive three or four cent. per annum, without the slightest shadow of benefit resulting therefrom to our national developement. I do not blame them. They found in England a guarantee for their property, which, from the corruption of our administrative system, and our political commotions, they had not in Portugal; and it was at that time natural, it was even just, that they should adopt that expedient.

I repeat, then, that I am not an enemy of loans, generally speaking; but in politics it is requisite, to a certain point, to conform to the opinions of the people. When loans give room for the increase of strength and the general developement, the interest is paid out of the increase of the produce, and this increase is always much greater than the interest. There have been those who would have made the people believe, that for the tithes God gave a hundred for one. I do not say so much; but what I say is true, and is proved by examples which are within our reach.

Still, I repeat, it is not a new loan that I recommend. Very far from this. Very far also from new taxes, as I have already said.

That which in the name of the Queen, and in perfect accordance with my colleagues, the Ministers of the Crown come this day to ask of you, in order to cover the deficit which is laid before you, is as follows :—

That the Chamber approve, as soon as possible, with such alterations as its wisdom may dictate, the Project of Law which I had the honour of presenting to it for the sale of the national property ; and that it strengthen this law by three other principal provisions, which I am persuaded are indispensable to render its results at once great and lasting. These are—

That the Government be authorized to hold an interest to the extent of ten per cent. in all the enterprises of individuals which it may be wished to carry on in Portugal, whether it be for the improvement of the roads or the opening of new ones, the straightening of the course of rivers, the construction of canals, the formation of new ports, and the improvement of the ancient ones ; in short, for all and every work of general interest that may be contemplated by respectable persons or companies.

That the Government be authorized to grant a charter of privileges, not exceeding those of the Bank of Lisbon, nor in opposition thereto, to four banks to be established in different points of the kingdom, for the purpose of lending money to the agricultural and manufacturing classes, preferring always the Bank of Lisbon, provided it be willing to undertake such establishments on equal terms.

That the Government be especially authorized to adopt some measures, which it may deem calculated to consolidate the national credit, without any new obligation upon the

public finances, or increasing the burden which at present attaches to them.

No one will venture to doubt that the prosperity or the decay of civilized nations depends, for the most part, at the present day, upon the public credit. To maintain this, and to augment it as much as possible, means the same as to diminish the expenditure or increase the receipts of the State. I consider, therefore, all and every demonstration on this point, as an insult to the enlightenment of the Chamber, and I shall proceed to treat of the advantages which cannot fail to result from the adoption of the other points indicated.

In order to sell the national property usefully, it is not sufficient merely that the proprietor should possess the money necessary to purchase them. How often does he not deceive himself by having this in his power, and shortly find himself embarrassed, and even ruined, for want of the means requisite to effect the improvements which, as a new possessor, he at once thinks that he can obtain; whereas, in reality, he finds himself destitute even of those which are indispensable for the first labours of cultivation, which are regularly the most expensive. What we say with respect to the purchasers of national property is extensive to every class of rural proprietors, and on this head I have already said in my Report, that the Portuguese cultivator, for want of banks or capitalists to advance him money on reasonable terms, has ever been under the hard necessity of cultivating only the most fertile lands, to his own serious prejudice, and very positively to the general prejudice of society.

It is clear, then, that after the creation of agricultural banks, no one will hesitate to expend even his last milree in order to become a proprietor, to a greater or less extent, in

proportion to his means, from the security thus offered to him of finding wherewith to cultivate his new establishment, with a burden upon him proportioned to the produce which he ought to derive therefrom—that is, with the certainty of obtaining a profit corresponding to the means employed, and to his industry.

But neither is this all. This advantage, though very great, will not have removed a difficulty which is chronic in our Portugal. Of no avail would be the increase of produce, as long as our internal communications do not permit its transport to the places of consumption.

For this purpose, great works are wanted—works that can neither be accomplished by private persons individually, nor even by Government; and for this reason, that, in order to carry them into execution, it would of necessity have to make use of means that would always be deemed violent, as long as the people do not *feel* the result of such works.

It is necessary, therefore, that Government should admit the proposals of private persons or companies, willing to employ their capital in the execution of these great enterprises. In countries well-constituted, and in good credit from a long series of years of good administration, no incentive is necessary to such undertakings beyond the security and the respect consecrated to private property. But, in a country like ours, which has been torn in pieces by civil wars, which derive their origin, if we search more deeply, in the errors and the unbridled prevarications of the Government—in a country where, as was said by a worthy constitutional writer of ours, on the occasion of publishing works upon finance, “the crime of conspirator seems to have degenerated into a regular profession, for the purpose of acquiring, without merits or services, great

wealth, titles, and decorations ;” where, according to the same writer, “ the persons on whom the royal munificence has accumulated every thing that can satisfy human ambition, have been the constant champions of all rebellions, excited on the most contradictory pretexts, by abusing the credulity and the ignorance of the people, and the influence of their offices ;” in a country, I say, which has passed through these vicissitudes, the proofs of two years of an unalterable respect for the faith of contracts are not sufficient ; nor is it sufficient that, in this short period, some more flattering ideas may have been acquired, that some advance has been made in Portugal in the science of government ; it is necessary to give other guarantees, and other incentives are indispensable, in order to obtain a concurrence of persons, without which it is always impossible to obtain reasonable conditions ; and hence it is that the Government ought not only to be authorized, as it already is, to give every protection and every kind of legal guarantees to the private property that may be invested in these undertakings, but it ought further to be authorized to hold an interest to an amount corresponding to ten per cent. in all those which may be set on foot for the objects mentioned ; restricting itself only to an approval of the plan, and renouncing all intervention whatever in their administration, which should be freely conducted by such directors as the majority of the shareholders should select.

No one will doubt that by the plan proposed not only a taste for speculation, of which our country stands so greatly in need, will be promoted, but that greater capitals will at the same time be called forth for the employment of the national property ; and we thus behold the public revenue thriving on a par with the fortunes of individuals. It may in some case happen that the Government which is actually

paying five per cent. interest, will hardly derive two from an enterprise in which it may be interested; but even in this case the same Government, or to speak more correctly, the Nation will give much; 1st. Because with its ten per cent. it will give an impulse to nine times this amount, which, being chiefly employed in individual labour, will extirpate idleness, and raise the indigent to the class of contributors to the state. 2dly. Because the enterprise itself will increase the value of the circumjacent lands and property; and thence, also, will result a new increase in the public revenue. 3dly. Because, in proportion as capital shall be called into circulation, and become distributed through the mass of the people, there will be an augmentation of the class of small proprietors, which is that on which not only the national prosperity, but also the consolidation of the system must be founded. And 4thly, and finally, Because by these means the Government avoids a monopoly, as well as the greater delay that would probably result from intrusting to a single company, possessing a vast capital, the execution of all the improvements of which our territory is susceptible.

Lastly, I will apply these same considerations to recommend my Project of Law on the sale of the national property, since from this it is, placed as it ought to be, under the shadow of the measures which I have just proposed, that we must look for the means of covering our deficit, and hereafter of accomplishing the total extinction of our debt.

It behoves us, then, at once to make the justest application of this property, and to make the Portuguese feel the reality of the institutions, which would otherwise be nothing more than words, without effect.

In addition to all the advantages specified, it is very important to take a great step. It is necessary to remove

this property as speedily as possible out of the hands of the Administrators of the Treasury ; in them, however faithful and honest, there is inevitably a deterioration of the best estates, a loss in their rent from the neglect of cultivation, and a want, I will not say merely of the improvements of which they are susceptible, but even of the establishments that might be formed on such property.

It is requisite that the said property should pass as quickly as may be into industrious hands that will cultivate and improve it, that will put it to the most profitable purposes, and consider it as the foundation of the fortune of whole families, to whom it offers a future of prosperity ; which idea of itself alone is the source of incalculable advantages.

I cannot but hope that the discussion of this law will take place with the least possible delay, though without precipitation ; as I also hope that a law of hypothecations will very briefly be taken into consideration ; and whilst the Chambers are thus profitably engaged in raising these two pillars of national wealth and good faith, the Government ought to labour incessantly in the mode which I have just explained. And for this end the Government submits to the Chamber the following Project of Law, which it also recommends as most urgent, in the firm persuasion that the finances are at present the principal business of the State, and that the representatives of the nation can conclude nothing of greater importance to the public service than to regard this resolution as a matter of the greatest urgency ; and so much the more, because nearly a third part of the financial year has already expired, and it is not, and cannot be, the intention of the legislative body to embarrass the Government.

"PROJECT.

"First, That the Government be authorized to hold an interest to the extent of ten per cent. in all the enterprises of individuals which it may be wished to carry on in Portugal, whether it be for the improvement of the roads, or the opening of new ones—the straightening of the course of rivers—the construction of canals—the formation of new ports, and the improvement of the ancient ones; in short, for all and every work of general interest that may be contemplated by respectable persons or companies.

"Second, That the Government be authorized to grant a charter of privileges, not exceeding those of the Bank of Lisbon, nor in opposition thereto, to four banks to be established in different points of the kingdom, for the purpose of lending money to the agricultural and manufacturing classes; preferring always the Bank of Lisbon, provided it be willing to undertake such establishments on equal terms.

"Third, That the Government be especially authorized to adopt some measures which it may deem calculated to consolidate the national credit, without any new obligation upon the public finances, or increasing the burden which at present attaches to them."

JOSÉ DA SILVA CARVALHO.

Lisbon, Nov. 1834.

POSTSCRIPT.

As it may be interesting to those who have read the preceding Sketches, to know how the Queen has rewarded the foreigners who have so profusely shed their blood in support of her rights, and have been mainly instrumental in achieving the triumph of the cause they engaged in, we state the following facts, which we believe may be relied upon.

Pensions, or a proportionate sum of money, have been awarded to the wounded, and to the relatives of those killed in the service.

All on board the fleet have been remunerated most liberally.

Every officer, (even many whose services have not extended beyond the Cafés of Lisbon,) with the exception of the commander of the Scotch Fuzileers, has received his pay and promised gratuity.

As the only regimental officers, we might almost say men, now surviving, who accompanied the gallant Hodges in 1831, are Colonel Shaw, Major Mitchell, and Mr. Alcock, this must appear strange, and arises, as we shall show, from conduct on the part of those in power both ungenerous and impolitic.

Some months ago, the contract with the Fuzileers

expired, and they were consequently no longer bound to act as soldiers, nor to submit to military control. Of this they were well aware, and nothing has hitherto kept them in a state of order and discipline, but the consciousness of their Colonel's unceasing endeavours to see justice done to them, and the knowledge of his resolution to refuse all recompense to himself, until every farthing due to them has been discharged.

We have no doubt that all will yet be paid, and we conceive that no one, fairly considering the difficulties under which the Portuguese have laboured, can deny to them the highest praise for the honourable manner in which they have paid their debts; it is therefore deeply to be regretted, that by their procrastinating conduct in the present instance, they have offered their enemies so just a title to tax them with ingratitude to some of their bravest supporters.

15th Dec. 1834.

6/18

Alexander, James Edward,

Sketches in Portugal, during the Civil War of 1834

London 1835

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